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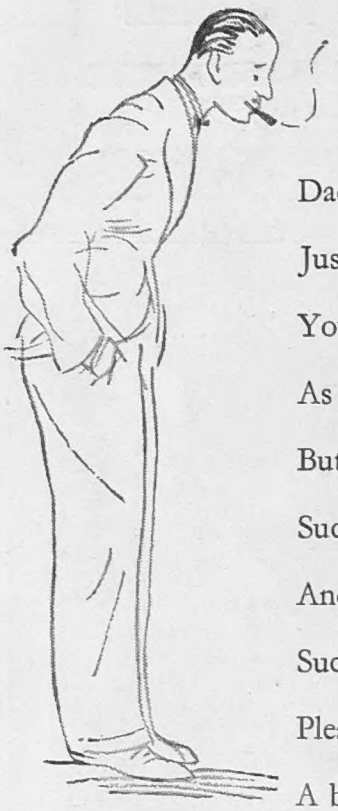
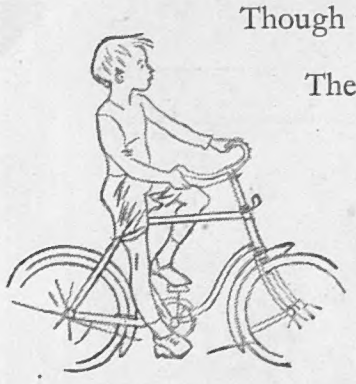
Please Daddy



Daddy, please Daddy
Just listen to me.
You say things are 'spensive
As 'spensive can be.
But why do you buy
Such a very big car?
And why do you smoke
Such a 'normous cigar?
Please give me a puppy
A boat or a bike
The sort of nice things
Any fellow would like.

Daddy, my Daddy
Why make such a fuss?
I've friends in the village
Much poorer than us.
They haven't much money
It isn't their fault
Though they all can afford
The best possible salt
Of course, it's of Cerebos
Salt that I speak,
It costs a bit less
Than a penny a week.



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THE SPHERE
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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, August 13, 1938

LORD RUNCIMAN GOES TO PRAGUE

Britain's Mediator in the Czech-German Minority Dispute Pictured with His Wife on Arrival in the Czechoslovakian Capital

Since the Versailles Conference, when the Allied statesmen carved from the wreck of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy the new republic of Czechoslovakia—a union not wholly of peoples spiritually akin—that republic, wisely as it has been governed, has become an ever-increasing subject of concern, and, of late, a veritable danger-spot upon the map of Europe, with its German minority forcibly proclaiming its rights. Now, at an opportune moment, Britain is playing the role of mediator, and has sent to Prague, in the person of Lord Runciman, an investigator of unprejudiced and inquiring mind who, declaring himself "the friend of all and enemy of none," has since his arrival last week started with rare energy upon the task of seeking a compromise. Lord Runciman has met with urbane impartiality the representatives of the chief parties concerned. Received by President Benes on the first day, he spent a very considerable portion of the following two days with the Sudeten leaders; and he has also got into touch with the important element of non-Nazi Germans. What is more, he appears already to have won general confidence, his "fairness and impartiality" being acknowledged by the German press, which might well have proved hostile. With this auspicious start, the door to compromise is clearly open, but, as *The Times* has stated, "both Czechs and Germans must realise that if they stand out for full acceptance of their own terms, there is little likelihood of any peaceful solution at all."

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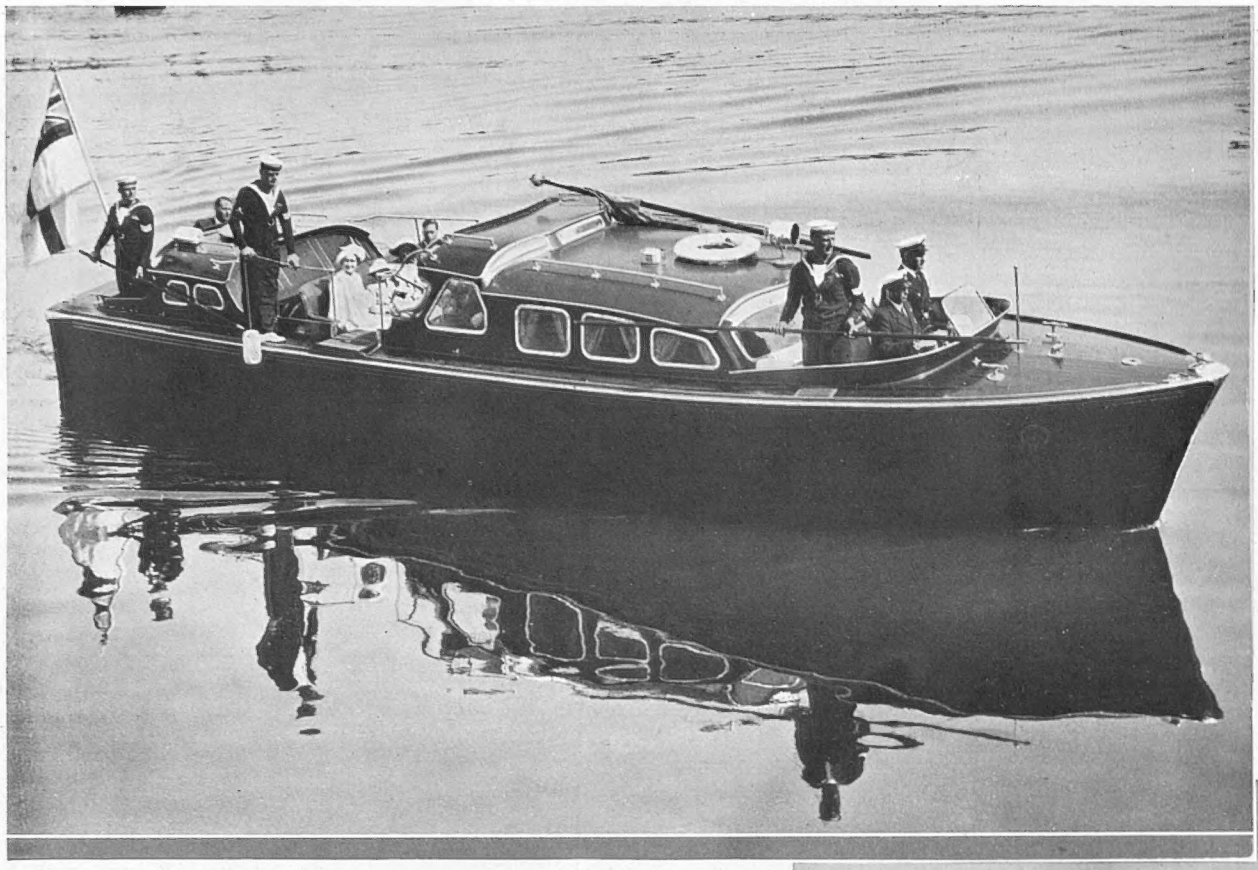


THE ROYAL FAMILY IN SCOTLAND: The King and Queen and the Princesses going ashore in their barge on arrival at Aberdeen on August 4 (Her Majesty's thirty-eighth birthday) after their cruise up the East Coast in the *Victoria and Albert*. When the Royal party landed they were given a rousing welcome by large crowds gathered on the quayside, and immediately afterwards they left by car for their August holiday at Balmoral

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32-34 ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.4
Wednesday, August 10, 1938.

AUGUST 4—TWENTY-FOUR YEARS AFTER.—A quarter-century is a good slice of a man's life; may be the best part of his prime or period of full usefulness. It was just such a hot, stuffy morning, making heads heavy and appetites feeble, which opened our *Chapter of Accidents* (1914–1938; and not yet finished). How curiously vivid are the memories of that day when so much which was more important before and since is entirely obliterated. The nearest to truth and vision to which man attains are his subconscious mind's first impressions. Its occasional flashes prove the little spark of divinity in the soul. This was an impression on the tablets of memory, deeply graven by the subconscious mind. But if in August, 1913, a prophet had risen up and told me what was in store for my country and generation and the civilised world a year ahead, and for a quarter-century or more following, how fantastic would his prophecy have appeared! We were so hedged, so impregnably hedged in by convention, by traditions of security, privilege, ease, permanence, and pride in victory over fate and foes. We were established "for the duration," as individuals, as a privileged class, as a nation, as a civilisation. That prophecy of that Jonah would have run: "Woe unto you, easy youth. Rejoice in the few months of joy and ease which remain to you. A year hence your world will be uprooted, and never again, though you may live out your span, shall you know ease of life, security of privilege, permanence of an established order in civilisation. You shall live in fear and labour, in constant crisis and ceaseless change, and one by one every ancient landmark, every storied tradition, by which you were wont to gauge your security and measure your permanence shall be shattered before your eyes. Never again shall you know peace and security, ease and leisure. Your lot shall henceforth be constant anxiety, ceaseless noise, ever increasing jostling for survival; rush, racket and political rancour. The writing is on the wall. The pillars of your house shall collapse and the roof fall on your head within a year. The zeal of the Lord of Hosts shall do this." How we should have split our sides at this pinchbeck prophet; our fat, easy flanks would have heaved in merriment. Yet he would have been right . . . and wrong. The pillars collapsed, the roof fell in, the dust rose round us. It has never cleared away. But man can get habituated to almost any conditions, and though the world of our youth has vanished, yet through the haze we get occasional glimpses of a wider, cleaner horizon beyond the crumbling walls and, now and again, we have breathed a less stuffy air and somehow managed to get some kick out of our life sentence. . . Ease and security and "permanence," after all, are not everything. Some wise men have judged them the tyrants that enslaved humanity.

A PIECE OF FAMILY HISTORY: On arrival at Ballater, when en route last week from Aberdeen to Balmoral, the Marquess of Aberdeen, Lord Lieutenant of the county, greeted the Royal party and presented the Queen with a portrait depicting a visit to Deeside by Queen Victoria nearly a century ago. The King, it will be noted, was wearing the kilt and plaid of the now familiar Balmoral tartan

SIR MALCOLM MURRAY.—Sir Malcolm Murray's tragic death came as a terrible blow to the Duke of Connaught, who is nearly ninety. For thirty-two years Sir Malcolm had been his Comptroller and constant friend and companion. He was of the Dunmore Murrays (themselves a branch of the Atholl Murrays) and was a Seaforth Highlander who saw service in South Africa and on the staff in the great war. But the best years of his life and service were employed at Court and he was a friend of all and a counsellor of many of the Royal family. He knew Windsor and its environs intimately, lived for years at Fort Belvedere and was an ideal Deputy Ranger of the Great Park, a post which he resigned only last year to take up residence at St. James's Palace where once more he was in close proximity to the Duke of Connaught at Clarence House. He knew everything there was to know and did everything there was to do in the Duke of Connaught's household, and it is therefore easy to measure the extent of the shock and of the loss which the Duke has suffered.

FARMER GEORGE.—Mr. Lloyd George has recently increased his land holdings. He has picked up two more farms, bordering on his property at Churt (Bron-y-de), named Hyde and Marchant's; he is now owner of nearly 500 acres in Surrey. Even farm land in Surrey is valuable as potential building land and Mr. Lloyd George appears to have acquired his additional acreage on favourable terms at £40 an acre. It is a great thing for the neighbourhood to know that that large area is safe from development while Mr. Lloyd George remains a farmer. It would be immensely interesting to know if he "makes farming pay". We know that he has the courage of his convictions, for he does not hesitate to expend capital to install the most modern improvements to insure against farming risks and to back his experience. Presumably his agricultural policy was formed on his practical experience of farming and fruit growing at Churt, but many of his farmer neighbours declare that "Farmer's Glory" is not achieved without a second string to the agricultural bow. The pen, they declare, is mightier than the plough as a golden harvester.

NEWS FROM THE PAST.—Past history and pronouncements and prophecy by publicists and pundits taken from old newspaper files are among the best guides for statesmen and the best correctives of pride and self-assurance. It is a pity that statesmen are not trained for their high profession. They begin as amateurs—chance and circumstance usually directing their choice of calling—and unless they profit by experience or educate themselves, they, too, guide our destinies without proper grounding. I thought it might be amusing and not unprofitable during this holiday season to try a new "feature"—to put in every week or so a paragraph headed "News from the Past" (I think we owe the title to Yvonne French) recalling some pronouncement made in the press during the past thirty years. Some of these old cuttings make stimulating reading to-day and give one to think. Here is an example:— FEBRUARY 4, 1917. "Mr. Lloyd George receives a full patriotic support from a nation responding to his

powerful appeal yesterday for crowning exertions. This Premier, sprung from the people, will vanquish Kaiserdom and afterwards he will establish upon true foundations the beneficent power of the British Empire, as well as the enhanced welfare and hope of those masses of the nation, men and women alike, soon to be far more widely enfranchised. But the war must first be won and in such fashion as shall leave no doubt about the peace and security of the future. One necessity is that Mr. Neville Chamberlain shall have fair play in organising national service. The late Government took many months to deal with every main question. Mr. Chamberlain has not had as many weeks. He knows very well that in facing an enormous and complicated task with all his father's courage he has accepted the test of pressure. Until he has a certain reasonable time to work out his main plans for dealing with man-power and woman-power alike, to harass him with facile shrieking means nothing but helping to throw the nation into moral disarray and playing the enemy's game." And again:—OCTOBER 8, 1922. "If only Mr. Lloyd George can make up his mind at last, though late, to sacrifice his office in order to regain his influence, he will be a great leader once more in due time and perhaps sooner than is thought by most people now that his stock is low. For so infinitely clever a man it is strange that he has made the old, stale mistake. He has lingered too long and hopelessly outstayed his luck. . . . He will, we repeat, be a great leader again at some time but only after a saving interval of recuperation and only when attesting some faith of his soul after the sacrifice of office. . . . The sooner the Premier stands aside, the better it will be for his own credit and the future."

"WINDSOR TAPESTRY."—

That Mr. Compton Mackenzie's *Windsor Tapestry* will be a best-seller, none who knows anything of the mind of the reading public will doubt. The book had all the preliminary propaganda that the most commercially-shrewd sponsors of a book could dream of and the subject is itself a perennial best-seller. That our Royal family should be "servants of the public" we have come not only to accept but to expect as of right. It seems we go further. We expect to read into their "charter of service" a willingness to enter the arena to make a Roman holiday, with good box-office receipts for the promoters. *The Windsor Tabestry* is, of course, a "defence" in form, and I doubt not at all that Mr. Mackenzie is sincere, a champion out to defend truth and justice. But a defence where no defence is called for is sometimes a pretence and a very commercially effective one. It is indeed a method not unknown to certain sensational papers who can display what is most sensational in a "savoury" item under the guise of righteousness. *The Windsor Tapestry* is woven of many coloured wools, strong strands and weak. Some will not pass the test of a gentle tweak. Mr. Mackenzie is a trenchant writer, but his historical sense is weak; he is capable still of schoolboy "howlers"; he treats gossip and rumour with a respect that grown men seldom accord it to-day, and he is a very wizard with Aunt Sallys. Some he sets up in order to knock them down; others, deserving no better fate, he enshrines for worship. There are weak strands interwoven, also, of theology and social morality, and the whole forms a curtain to obscure the naked truth. The Duke of Windsor needs no defence. The facts speak for themselves, and he at least was content to abide by the facts. It is not in dispute that no one at the time in any position to influence events but wished to find the solution which would keep him on the throne and prevent the anxiety and risks and inconvenience of the long-drawn-out negotiations which preceded the abdication. Let us smile to remember that (just as in the case of George V) the reign of George VI opened with doubts and head-shakings. Edward VIII himself accepted the facts, and his own will sealed his acceptance of the truth that there was no way of compromise. So far as we know, he has not regretted the decision he made, nor ever complained that his advisers acted otherwise than as utterly loyal and wholly sympathetic counsellors.

MR. MACKENZIE'S SOLUTION.—

Mr. Mackenzie's solution of the dilemma into which he asserts Mr. Baldwin's Government thrust King Edward ("Renounce your marriage or your throne or else we shall resign") is, of course, morganatic marriage. But his authorities are as dusty as his dilemma is without a shadow of foundation. There has been a "legal" queen uncrowned and there have been morganatic wives of princes. But how do such precedents affect the case of the sovereign and symbol of the British Empire in 1937? Lord Baldwin to-day is engaged in tearing up his accumulated confidential papers, lest any writings in his boxes should "hang anyone." Those papers connected with the abdication will assuredly never hang him on Mr. Mackenzie's gallows. It may be that Lord Baldwin to-day may privately believe that in the event Mrs. Simpson came as a *Dea ex machina* to save the Government and the nation and Empire possibly from a reign which might not have proved as smooth working and as efficient and as popular with all classes as the present reign has already proved itself to be. King Edward's reign at least could not have bettered the existing Royal regime. But at the abdication crisis Mr. Baldwin did not hold, let alone act on, that belief, and no just man thinks he did. Among whom the Duke of Windsor would be the first to agree and the first to realise that the vital article of any justification for *Windsor Tapestry* contains an admission that the Duke has gone back on his decision, regretted his decision and recalled his generous admissions as to the fair and sympathetic treatment he received from Mr. Baldwin. There is as yet no iota of evidence that any of these things have happened.

BRITAIN AND U.S.—

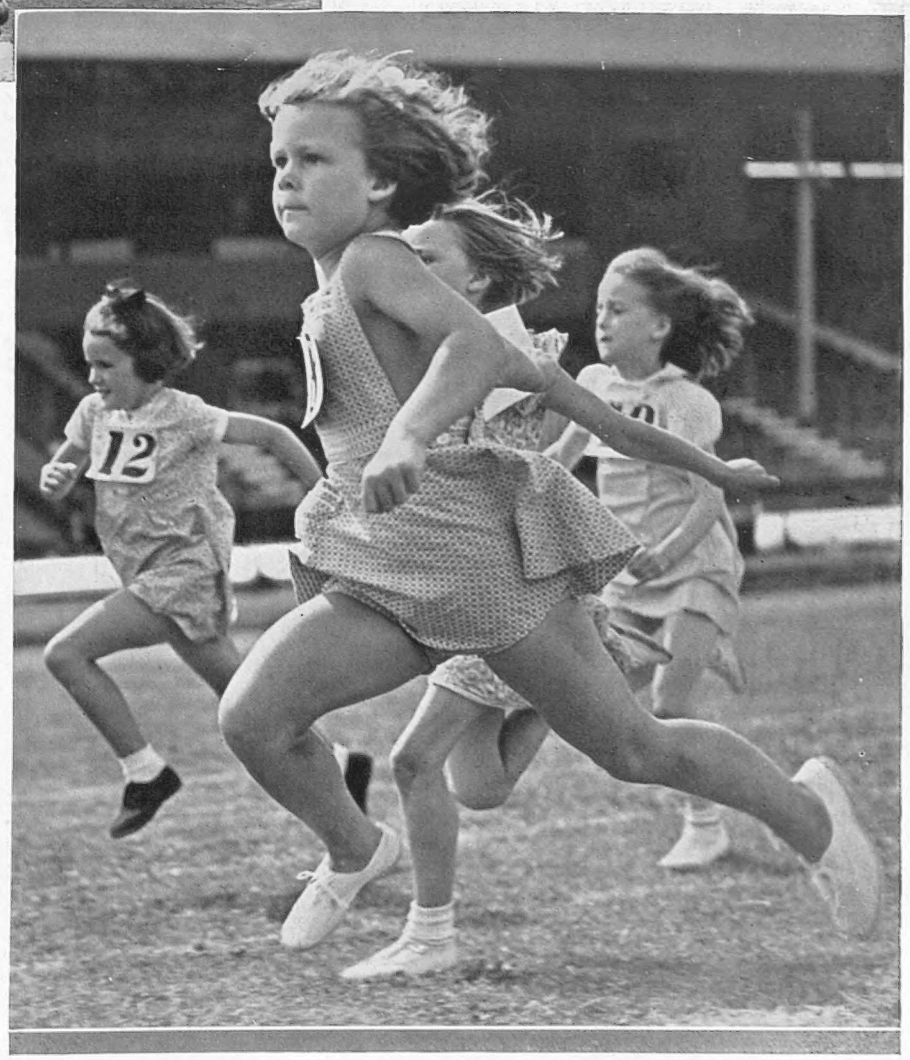
I am often surprised when I read the clippings sent me from responsible American journals to note how familiar to the writers are the names and characters of even less important members of our Government and of Opposition leaders. In England it is much rarer to read an article which treats with any knowledge of the doings, sayings and characters of American politicians. Our publicists seem to stop short at the President, an ex-President perhaps, and the Foreign Secretary, and thereafter to pretend no knowledge even of the names of the American secretaries. Why is this? It is not, I believe, that American publicists have a wider knowledge of and interest in external affairs. In so far as American journals echo the sentiments of their readers, their organs should be more provincial than ours. The truth seems to be that while the efforts of British ministers (within their various orbits) to control and direct the storm clouds that hang over Europe are admittedly of first-rate interest to America, the activities of American statesmen are of less significance to us. It may be that the U.S. cannot, or will not, yet play what we consider her fit and full part in influencing European affairs. Whatever the reason, while the success or failure of British diplomacy in the European crisis may have far reaching and immediate effects on America, the converse is not at the moment equally true. The difference observable in the leading journals of the two countries does not, therefore, indicate a higher and a lower scale of public intelligence or a broader and narrower scope of public international interest. The rank and file of the British Cabinet are cast to-day for more important roles than their American counterparts.

DRESS MOTTOES.—

Tout Paris is at the seaside but the workers are not idle. The Parisian dress designers are turning out the autumn and spring fashions. Among these are to be motto belts worn with tailored day frocks. Thus a grey knitted model may be rounded off with a scarlet belt bearing in gold letters a "love motto." As for the shapes and tones, line and form and material, of the new fashions, I am content to leave it all to the man-milliners. But, as a writing man, I should like to have a hand in the choice of the mottoes or the nature of the letterpress. The thing should be done with wit and discernment—something better than the cracker motto should be chosen. I should like, for example, to submit a list of maxims designed to illustrate or indicate the character or the profession of the wearer—male or female. But the idea could be much more effectively adapted to the simplification of life and the annihilation of social agonies. We have experienced the fashion of monograms on blouses and shirts, and that went a little way to solving an agonising embarrassment of middle age. I cannot be alone among my contemporaries in failure of memory. Every social occasion is for me a time of trial. I can remember clearly every face which I have seen before, but never by any chance can I fit the right name to the familiar face. My own relations are not exempt and the names of quite intimate acquaintances often elude me. Why not scrap the mottoes and simply print the wearer's name on his apparel?

THE OLD STAGER

MECHANISED MIGHT OF BRITAIN'S ARMY: A formidable assembly of various types of tank at Tilshead, Salisbury Plain, where the 2nd Battalion, Royal Tank Corps, has been in camp and taking part in exercises



ALL OUT AND NOT FAR TO GO: Sturdy youngsters taking part in the 50-yards handicap "dash" for girls under eight years old at the forty-eighth annual sports meeting at the White City of the City of London Police Athletic Club. Among the grown-up performers some very fast sprinting was seen, and there were excellent fields for many of the events

When Royalty Makes Holiday

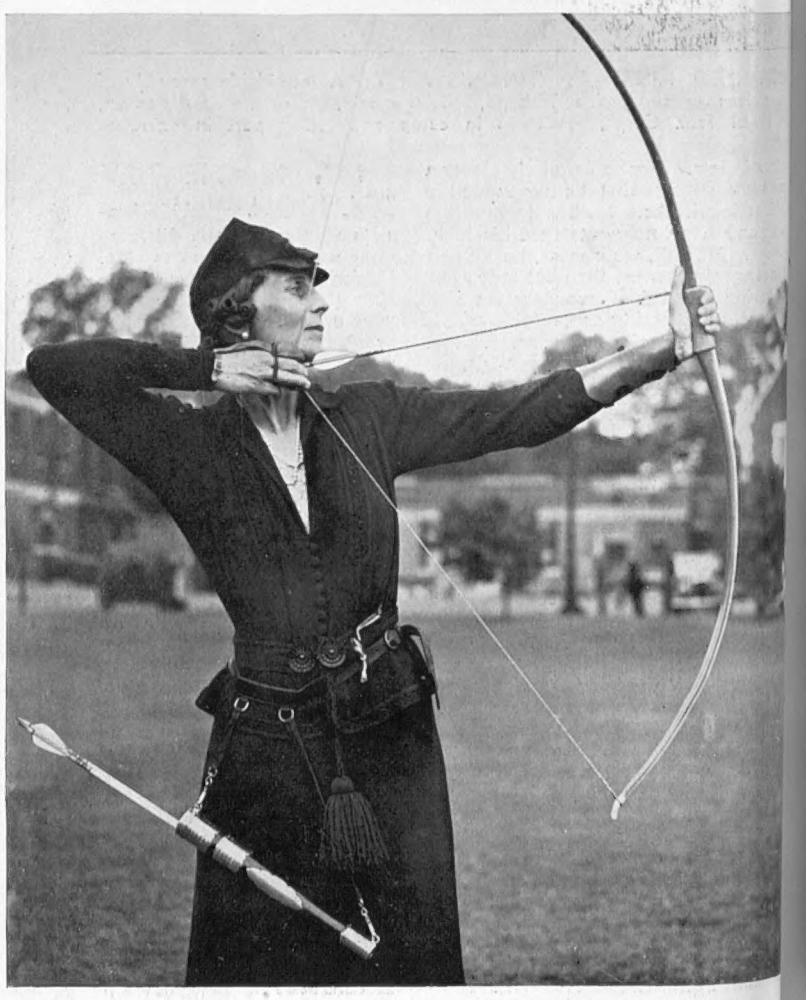
ALL THE FUN OF THE FAIR: The Duchess of Gloucester sitting beside Sir Iain Colquhoun, Lord-Lieutenant of Dumbartonshire, as they were about to set out on a breath-taking ride on the scenic railway in Glasgow Exhibition's amusement park, where the Duke and Duchess enjoyed themselves after touring the pavilions. The Duke, whose head can just be seen, rode in a rear seat where, as he said, "the biggest thrill could be had"

THE WINDSORS AND A NEW RIVIERA HOME: The steps leading up to the Villa Leopolda, Villefranche, where, according to an unconfirmed report, the Duke and Duchess may possibly go into residence. The property was built by Leopold II of Belgium

'NEATH MEDITERRANEAN SKIES: The Duke and Duchess of Windsor coming ashore from their yacht *Culzar* which is moored at Cap d'Antibes and in which they have been making frequent trips during their stay on the Riviera, including an extensive cruise along the Italian coast. They chartered the boat from a wealthy Greek in Monaco

Women Archers Meet in London

TOXOPHILITES FORGATHER: Miss May Aingworth, of Cleveland Archery Club, was one of the company of nearly 100 archers, representing eleven nations, who have arrived in London and have been competing in the World's Archery Championships in the grounds of the Honourable Artillery Company in Finsbury Square



A CHAMPION OF THE BUTTS IN ACTION: Mrs. Ingo Simon, the English title holder, about to quit an arrow when taking part in the World's Archery Championship in the Finsbury Square grounds of the Honourable Artillery Company, a force, it may be remembered, which originated with a body of archers established by Henry VIII. Mrs. Simon wears a guard (technically known as a bracer) on her left arm, and has protective tips on the fingers of her right hand

Swimmers Challenge the Tides

DANISH GIRL'S UNSUCCESSFUL CHANNEL BID: Miss Astra Winckler, of Copenhagen, pictured at Clacton while in training for her attempt to break the Cape Gris Nez-Dover record. She made a bold effort, but the tide, undoing of many a strong swimmer, forced her to give up. Miss Winckler is a singer by profession

A GLORIOUS FAILURE: Los Angeles city lifeguards carrying Paul Chotteau ashore from the boat which picked him up after he had spent 40 hrs. in the water when attempting to swim from Santa Barbara Island to Venice, California—a distance of 56 miles. Adverse tides carried him far off his course, and it was reckoned that Chotteau covered at least 75 miles before he gave up in a state of complete exhaustion. Like Miss Winckler, he is also connected with the musical profession

A Woman Chief for Air Guard

MARKED OUT FOR HIGH COMMAND: Mrs. Maxime Miles, 34-year-old daughter of the late Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, inspecting an aeroplane engine with a mechanic at Reading Aerodrome. She has just been selected as one of the five chiefs of the newly formed Civil Air Guard, the force which is being recruited by the Air Ministry

"OH, BOY! SOME SALUTE" runs the American caption on this picture from Los Angeles, which goes on to say:—"These three honey-buns, Emmy Lou Edson, Maurice Shipp and Annabelle Weih, were selected from several hundred of Long Beach's famous beach beauties as the poster girls for this city's Golden Jubilee celebration starting August 8. Advertising the feature attraction, an historical pageant, 'Salute to the States,' pictures of these girls will appear on bills and posters throughout the nation"

Ranee, the famous Whipsnade tigress, who has bred so successfully in captivity, having for several years past produced a family with great regularity, is now a grandmother, and here we see her three descendants who,

THREE TIGER CUBS
and their
CANINE FOSTER-MOTHER

with their canine foster-mother, are now stealing much of the limelight in the popular Pets' Corner at London Zoo where they have lately taken up their quarters. The cubs are growing up into really fine, healthy specimens

KEEPING THE BOMBERS AT BAY: *Left*—Pilots of No. 54 Fighter Squadron running to their machines after receiving instructions to take off and intercept an attacking force during the test of Britain's aerial defences held last week-end. *Right*—Members of an anti-aircraft unit operating a portable range-finder. This ground work was done by Territorials

TRAGEDY MARS THE EXERCISES: The wrecked fuselage of the twin-engined Harrow bomber of No. 37 Squadron which struck a tree near Bury St. Edmunds and carried to death all five occupants on the last day of the air exercises. *On left*—One of the twisted propellers lying some distance away from the main body of the machine. The disaster occurred during the poor visibility which marred part of the period of the air exercises

AIR "WAR" *over* ENGLAND

How "Eastland" Met Attack by a "Power Over the North Sea" Last Week-End

THE exercise this year brought into action some 900 aircraft—more than twice the number used in 1937. The defending force in this mimic war consisted of twenty-three fighter squadrons and fourteen bomber squadrons, and the ground defences were well handled by men of the Territorial Army. Opposing them were thirty-six bomber squadrons.

Keen observers of the situation were gratified to see that the "defence curtain" hung along the east side of England did not have as many holes shot in it as might have been expected.

Ian Coster, who went up in one of the bombers for *The Evening Standard*, records the following in his diary :—

"**8.20 p.m.**—There is Northolt below. As I peer down through the flooring of my eyrie six silver airplanes take off. One 'V' behind the other. They climb with lightning speed, their noses poked up at a ridiculous angle.

"We have turned and are lumbering away. Up they come, swinging over 2,000 ft. below us. They are level now, a mile on our port side and a bit behind. They break their 'V' formation and form single-file. The leader attacks us, comes level 200 yards away, and then banks steeply and floats off, as graceful as a seagull, into the clouds below the red ribbon of the sunset.

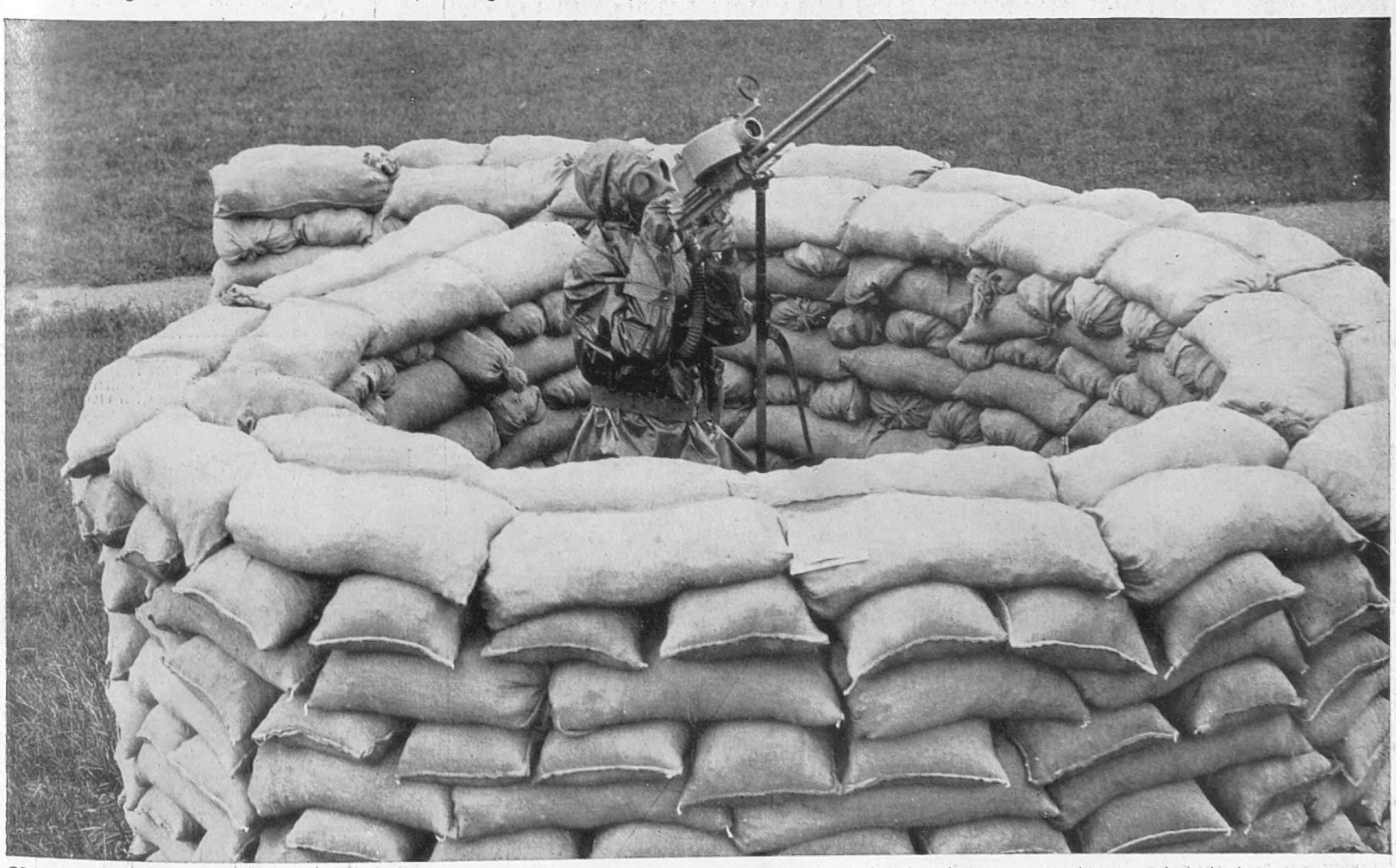
"Two others follow him, making exactly the same movement. Then the other three get us from above. They drift away and are lost. The pilot puts his thumbs down. 'We're finished.'

"'But we dropped our bombs first,' he shouts to me above the din of the engine."

BRITAIN TESTS HER AIR DEFENCES IN WEEK-END MIMIC WAR

Nine Hundred R.A.F. Machines Take Part in Large-Scale Battle Practice — A Record Number of Territorial Troops Engaged

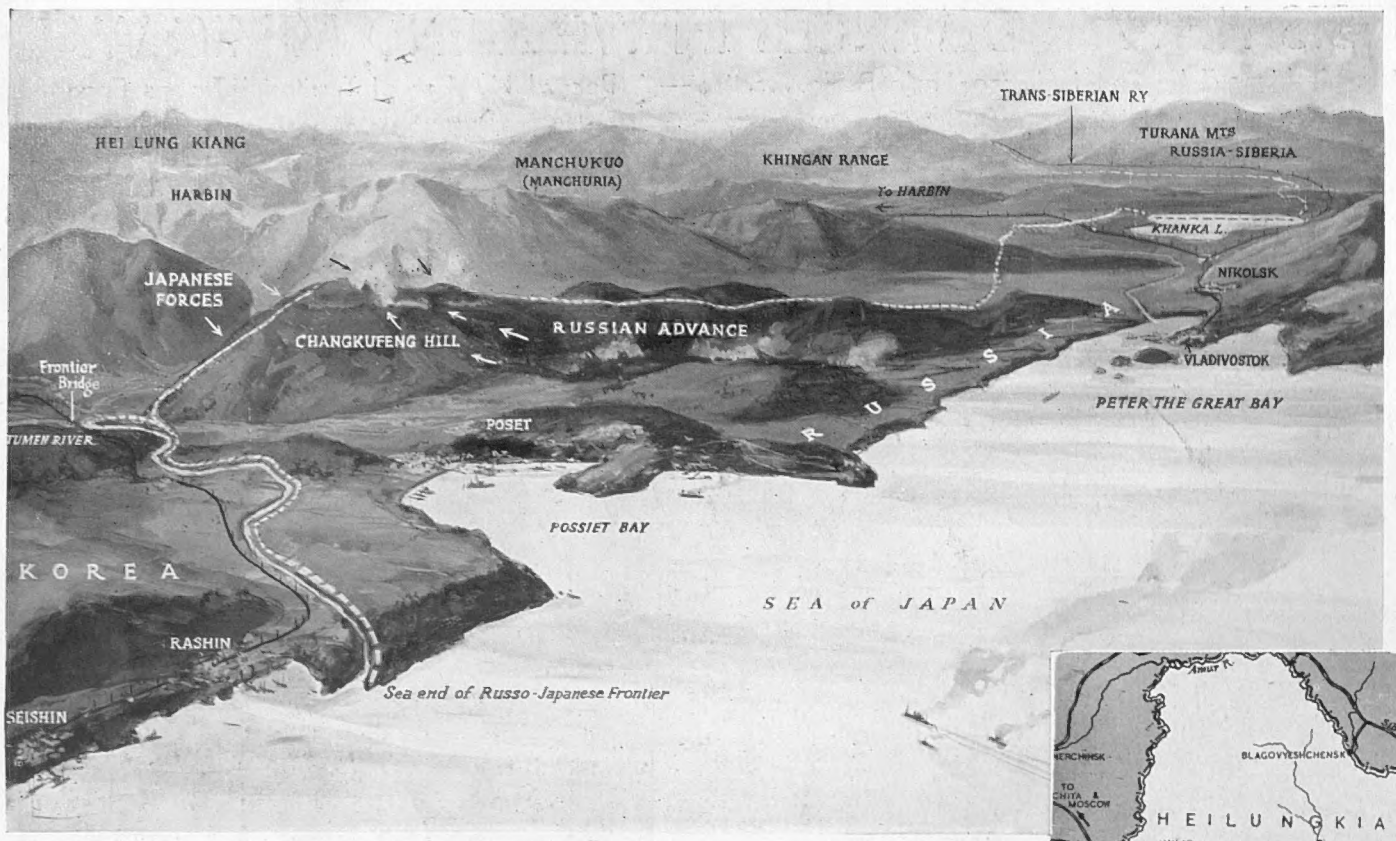
WAITING THEIR CUE: Air gunners, ready with their weapons, their parachutes, and their respirators, to take to their planes on being given instructions to intercept approaching "enemy" bombers during the mimic air war over Eastern England when over 900 machines, representing 73 squadrons, joined battle, the exercise being staged to test the calibre of our defence system. Young pilots had a real chance to enlarge their experience in conditions approximating as nearly as possible those likely to be encountered on active service, and if the weather had been better even more valuable lessons would doubtless have been learned



GROUND DEFENCE: A gunner, clad in gas-proof dress, operating his anti-aircraft gun from a circular sand-bag emplacement round one of the aerodromes attacked by the "enemy" bombers during the course of the air exercises. Territorial troops played a large part in this ground work, being engaged in greater numbers than ever before, and they won high praise by the way their searchlight and A.A. gun detachments co-operated with the R.A.F. Regulars

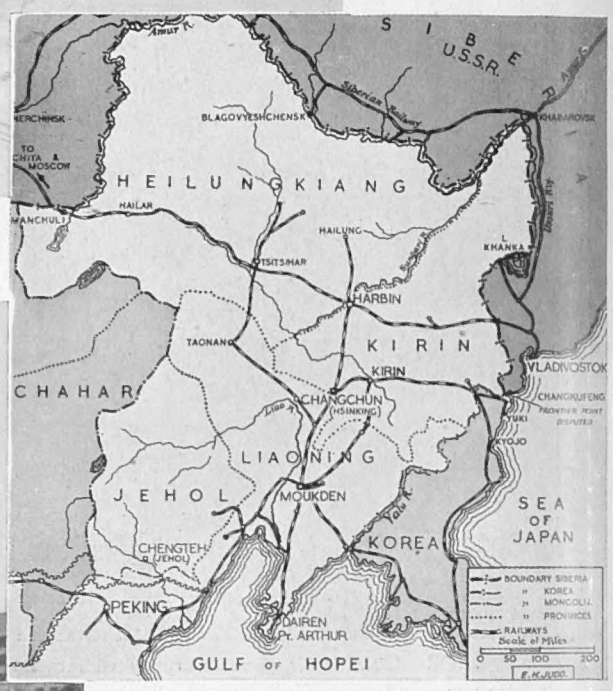
RUSSIA and JAPAN at GRIPS

Both Sides Claim Successes in Battle for a Disputed Ridge



Drawn by D. Macpherson

THE LIE OF THE LAND: This sketch map, drawn for "The Sphere," shows the position of the Changkufeng ridge at the junction of three frontiers (Korean, Manchukuan, and Russian) where Russian and Japanese troops have been fighting a desperate battle which it seemed might develop into a major war



WHERE THREE FRONTIERS MEET: Another sketch map showing Changkufeng — which is claimed both by the U.S.S.R. and Japan—in relation to Kirin (Manchukuo), Korea, and Soviet territory

RUSSIA'S TANK POWER is formidable and some 200 war machines of the type depicted here have been in action against the Japanese in the fighting area round the Changkufeng ridge. It remains to be seen whether the Russian tanks are proving successful, for the Tokyo war office claims that about 100 of them have been "badly damaged." It is also stated that the Soviet troops are making use of hand-grenades

LOOKING TOWARDS THE CHANGKUFENG RIDGE FROM POSSIET BAY: This is the actual scene of the Russo-Japanese conflict which broke out on July 26 and has been waged with bitter intensity. The village of Changkufeng was reported in flames

A CHECK ON THE YANGTSE: Japanese artillerymen engaged in the bombardment of Hukow, one of the objectives in their slow and costly drive towards Hankow, which this week actually came to a halt when Chinese delivered a series of sharp counter-attacks, heavy casualties, estimated at 6,000, being inflicted and making it necessary for the Japanese to bring up reinforcements. Japan is finding her hands full in China, and for this reason has been more conciliatory in the Changkufeng affair than would doubtless have been the case otherwise

JAPAN, engaged up to the hilt in military commitments in her costly China war, was faced on July 26 with a new problem upon the Asian continent when a small party of Russians advanced on the ridge of Changkufeng and commenced to fortify it, claiming that, under the old Treaty of 1869, the place remains theirs by right.

The local Japanese commander followed up a protest with an attack on the hill, and since then fighting has gone on there with increased intensity on a four-mile front which was on Tuesday reported to be under heavy bombardment from Soviet artillery, which later turned its attention to the bridges crossing the Tumen river and the North Korean railway. Tokyo states that Korean territory was invaded for a short distance, but the main struggle is for the crest of the ridge.

The hill, as shown in the above sketch maps, lies near the junction of three frontiers—those of Korea, Manchukuo, and Siberia. A sentry standing on the ridge and looking out towards the Pacific might see Rashin 20 miles away to the right, where the Japanese have made a military base, and about the same distance on his left Possiet Bay and Novokiesk, the principal Russian military station in these parts. Some 70 or 80 miles farther up the coast is Vladivostok.

THE RUSSO-JAPANESE SITUATION

Some Soviet Naval and Military Types

RUSSIA RALLIED TO HIM: A recent picture of M. Stalin (*right*) who was besieged last week with messages pledging support from groups in every part of the Soviet Union. These demonstrations of loyalty — indicative of a state of war fever—followed hot on the heels of the outbreak of fighting between Russian and Japanese troops in the Far East

A FAR EASTERN FRONTIER GUARD: A typical Soviet soldier of to-day. The equipment of these men is said to be first-rate, but their fighting powers are as yet an unknown factor; for since Trotsky organised the Red Army it has never been tested in a major war, its experience being almost entirely based upon work done on manœuvres. *On left*—Seamen of the Red Fleet on the Red Square, Moscow

BLUEJACKETS OF THE RED FLEET being reviewed before Lenin's tomb on the Red Square in Moscow. If hostilities between Russia and Japan were to develop into a major war, the Soviet Navy would naturally have to play a part in the campaign; but it is difficult to regard it as a potent factor, so infinitely better equipped are the Japanese. Of late Russia has been attempting to modernise her fleet, which in 1936 could only boast three battleships—all of pre-war vintage

b

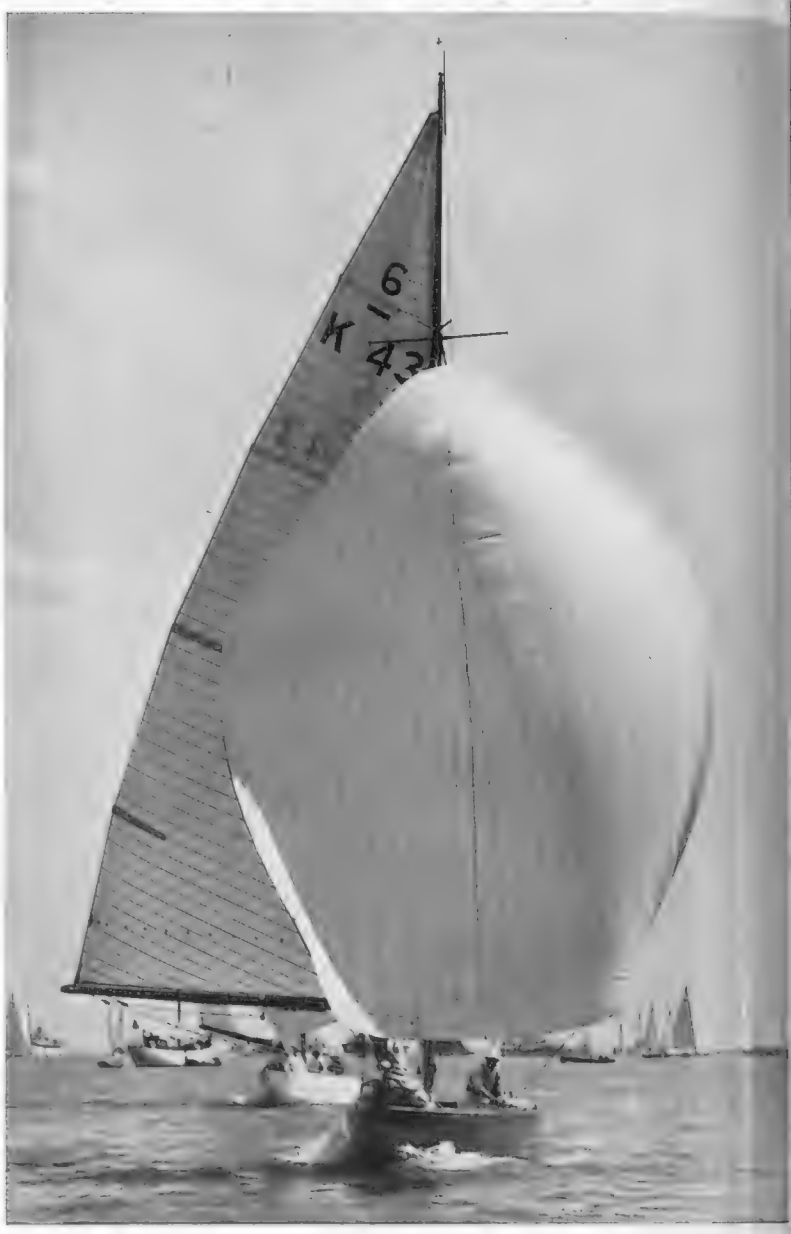
ENGLAND MAKES HOLIDAY

ONCE THEY WENT TO BOARDING HOUSES, now Britain's youth infinitely prefers to camp out, as witness this view of the crowded foreshore at Crosby, Lancashire, with tents occupying every available foot of beach. Another like development of recent years is the vogue for the seaside chalet, whole settlements rising along our coasts

KEEPING COOL AT CLAPHAM: The pond on the Common has been a favourite resort of South Londoners during the early August heat wave, and youngsters, free from school and homework, have been spending their days disporting in the water

A TOUCH OF CONTINENTAL GAIETY Is finding its way into London's pleasant but usually prosaic parks, and at Highbury Fields, Islington, where this picture was taken, the London County Council has thrown open the bandstand enclosure for free dancing to the strains of a well-known swing band. If the experiment proves a success, it will be extended to other parks. On the first occasion it seemed all Islington had turned up

YACHTING'S WEEK of WEEKS



WHITE WINGS ON AUGUST WATERS: *Erin* (A. H. O'Connor and L. C. Coates) with her balloon jib bellying out in the breeze as she raced in the 6-metre class at the centenary regatta of the Royal London Yacht Club at Cowes. This has been another small-ship year, and the big "J" class boats, such as *Velsheda*, *Astra*, and the *Endeavours*, have been sadly missed from the point of view of spectacle

WAITING FOR THE GUN: Yachts of the 6-metre class manœuvring at the starting line on the second day of the Royal Yacht Squadron's Regatta at Cowes, when a fair breeze produced some keen sailing and exciting finishes. Cowes has been well favoured by the weather this year, and the 12-metre boats, which topped the bill in the absence of the big "J" class yachts, put up some good performances

London's Rent Strikers

EAST END TENANTS DEFY THEIR LANDLORDS: Pickets discussing the situation outside Quinn-square Buildings, Russia Lane, Bethnal Green, where last week 240 families refused to pay their rent, alleging that many of them are overcharged. The entrances were picketed to make sure no rent was paid, and a Tenants' Association has been formed in order to express the community's collective views

"FOUR ROOMS 17s. TO £1 1s. 2d., WE SAY 15s. IS ENOUGH" was the wording of one of the placards put up on the railings of Quinn-square Buildings, Bethnal Green, last week, when the tenants declared a strike against allegedly high rents. At a meeting of their newly-formed Tenants' Association, the members unanimously decided to pay no rent until the whole matter had been thrashed out

In Ireland and Wales

THE STATIONS OF THE CROSS: A pilgrim making his way round the rock-strewn summit of Croagh Patrick during the pilgrimage to this Holy Mountain of Mayo, Western Ireland, where 30,000 devout Catholics, hailing from all parts of the world, forgathered to do honour to St. Patrick, who himself spent forty days of fasting there

HER FIRST PILGRIMAGE: Eighty-two-year-old Mrs. McSweeney, who was among the 30,000 Catholics who made their way last week to the little chapel on the summit of Croagh Patrick and there took part in the celebration of mass. Many Americans of Irish extraction joined in the pilgrimage, which is of an extremely arduous nature

WALES FINDS A NEW POET: There was much merriment at the Welsh National Eisteddfod in Cardiff last week when Mr. Edgar Thomas, headmaster of Llangefni County School, Anglesey, received the Bardic Crown, which proved something of a misfit. His winning poem was described as a really outstanding literary effort

NORTH-EAST AFRICA'S

Where Highly Developed Rail, Road, River, and Air Communications Promise Enhanced Trade Under Conditions of Co-operation between Britain, Egypt and Italy

WHEN THE MAIL TRAIN COMES IN: An animated scene at Central Station, Khartoum. This city is to-day assuming a vital commercial importance as a rail, river, and air junction, and in years to come may well become the focal point of the North-East African transit trade. Imperial Airways have already brought Khartoum within two days' journey of London

Major E. W. Polson Newman, who has just returned from a visit to the Sudan and Italian Abyssinia, describes in the accompanying article the great possibilities he foresees of development in transport and commerce between British, Egyptian, and Italian interests in North-East Africa as a result of the recent agreements.

THE reason why such great changes are expected in North-East Africa as a result of the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty and Anglo-Italian Agreement is that co-operation will be simultaneous with sensational developments in civil aviation and motor transport.

Since the earliest times the importance of North-East Africa to successive stages of civilisation has been largely connected with transport. The early Egyptians used the Nile as a means of transit between their various African possessions. In more recent times Napoleon brought to Egypt French influence, which was increased by Ferdinand de Lesseps in the construction of the Suez Canal. This event of supreme importance to the maritime nations of the world and to the countries of North-East Africa was soon followed by the British occupation of Egypt. While Lord Cromer laid the foundations of modern Egypt, Lord Kitchener brought peace and civil administration to the Sudan. The latest comer of all is Italy who, while already holding Eritrea and Somaliland, proceeded to conquer Ethiopia with the help of the internal combustion engine.

While Lord Napier went to Magdala with elephants, Marshals Badoglio and Graziani went to Ethiopia with aeroplanes and diesel-engine lorries.

The answer to the question why the wealth of Ethiopia has never before been made use of by a European Power is that without the internal combustion engine its conquest and development were practically impossible.

The remarkable strides recently made in civil aviation are revolutionising transit in this part of Africa; but they are merely the forerunners of greater trade movements. Khartoum is now within two days of England by the Imperial Airways service of flying-boats, and Addis Ababa will shortly be within two days of Italy by the Ala Littoria line. This means that, apart from river and rail communications, Khartoum has direct air services to Egypt and Europe in the north; to Uganda, Kenya, Tanganyika, Portuguese East Africa, and the Union of South Africa in the south; to Italian East Africa in the east; and to French Equatorial Africa, Nigeria, and the Gold Coast in the

BRITISH AND ITALIAN BOUNDARIES MEET: Native sentries on duty at Kassala, an important post lying on the borders of the Sudan and Eritrea

A POTENT FACTOR IN NORTH-EAST AFRICAN DEVELOPMENT: A paddle-steamer plying on the White Nile, which forms a water highway of hundreds of miles in length. The section immediately dealt with in this article stretches from Abu Hamed in the north to Mongalla in the south. It is crossed by the El Obeid-Sennar railway at Kosti (*see* map on right)

AN OUTLET FOR COLONIAL PRODUCE: A river steamer being loaded at Malakal, which lies near the junction of the White Nile and the River Baro. It is therefore of considerable potential importance to the Italians, as they could send goods from Gambeila, in the far west of their Abyssinian colony, along the Baro to Malakal, where they could be transhipped for Kosti and thence sent by rail to Port Sudan, a harbour accommodating large vessels

WHERE INTERNATIONAL COMMERCE MAY FLOW: To send goods from western Abyssinia direct to the coast is at the moment quite uneconomic, and the Italians realise that by far the best outlet is via the Sudan, with its more highly developed system of communications. As mentioned above, White Nile steamers carry merchandise as far as Kosti, where the picture on the *left* was taken, and there is a railway link with Port Sudan. A passenger train is seen *above* on a typical stretch of the line

BRIGHT FUTURE

By

E. W. POLSON NEWMAN

AT REST ON THE NILE: An Imperial Airways flying-boat at Wadi Halfa, which, like Khartoum, may before long assume a new commercial importance. The Egyptian State Railways may extend their line there

west. In other words, Khartoum is already becoming the central pivot of communications in one of the most important transit areas of the world.

Meanwhile, the Italians are busy building all-weather tarmac roads through their newly-acquired territories. These new communications, specially designed for heavy motor vehicles, will replace the old mule tracks and will be extended to the frontiers. At present the Sudan roads are mere desert tracks, passable for light motor vehicles in fine weather. Until the road communications on both sides of the frontier are made to the same all-weather standard, it is impossible for the Sudan to make use of her valuable position in this new era of North-East African development. But, when this has been done, trade pressure from several sides will bring new wealth to that country.

Egypt, with her position in the Sudan strengthened by the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty, is anxious to improve communications and encourage trade with the south. There is already a proposal to extend the Egyptian State Railways from Assuan to Wadi Halfa, to link up with the Sudan Railways connection with Khartoum, and to replace the Sudan steamer service from Shellal to the frontier (through Egyptian territory) by a fast service of Egyptian steamers. If this new railway is built there will be a direct railway service from Alexandria to Kosti on the White Nile (a distance of 1,723 miles) and to Sennar on the Blue Nile. Both these places are connected by rail with Port Sudan.

In the south there are distinct signs of a northward trade movement, partly due to the building of an all-weather road from Juba in the Sudan to Aba in the Belgian Congo, and another from Juba to Nimule on the Uganda border. There is also a proposal to link up the Congo with Italian East Africa by a road passing through the Sudan.

When the Anglo-Italian Agreement becomes operative, the Italians want to use the Sudan transit routes at Gambeila, Kurmuk, Gallabat and Kassala, with the use of Port Sudan, as outlets for the greater part of western Ethiopia. The reason for this is twofold. It is more economical in time and money to use the Sudan route than to transport produce from the west over the high mountains to the eastern ports. Also, as development is speeded up and intensified, the meagre facilities of most of the Red Sea and Gulf of Aden ports will be insufficient to deal with the whole traffic.

At present Gambeila, on the Baro, is the most important of the Sudan routes. Unfortunately the Baro is only navigable from June to October; but it joins

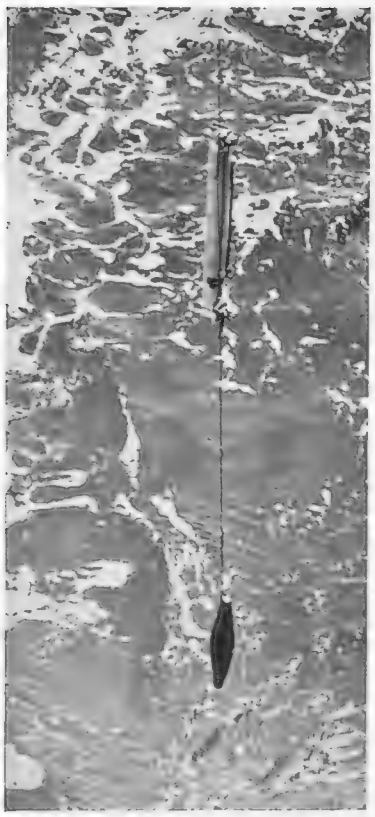
(Cont. on p. 268)

BUSY PORT SUDAN: Cargo vessels in this growing harbour on the Red Sea. It is the seaward terminus of the Sudan Railways and from it are shipped every year vast quantities of cotton and grain grown in the fertile regions of the Sudan. As time goes on, merchandise from western Abyssinia will doubtless be transported along the same route

FAST-DEVELOPING EAST AFRICA: A sketch map illustrating the accompanying article and showing many of the places mentioned in his article by E. W. Polson Newman. It will be observed how western Abyssinia links up by road, river, and rail with Port Sudan

A LONELY OUTPOST: A British officer cleaning his sporting trophies in the fort at Gallabat on the Sudanese frontier. Gallabat may become a busy trading centre. During the East African war Italian and British troops came face to face there

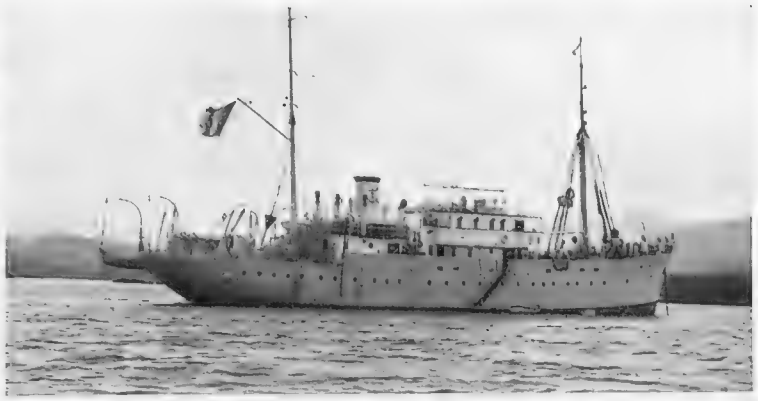
On right—THE BRITISH CONCESSION AT GAMBEILA: This Abyssinian frontier post is linked with the White Nile by way of the River Baro



A MAGICIAN OF THE DEEP

Dr. Le Danois Brings Prosperity to the French Fishing Industry With His Scientific Methods of Locating Fish

By FERDINAND TUOHY



WANDERINGS OF THE "PRESIDENT THÉODORE TISSIER": This French research ship is playing a vital part in determining the best fishing grounds, and often goes to sea for long periods with a large staff of scientists on board. *Left*—A thermometer being lowered into the ocean to make a temperature reading. On these readings, thousands of which are taken in a voyage, the experts base their calculations and determine in what latitudes certain kinds of fish will be most plentiful at a given season of the year

ONE wonders how that expert fisherman, Paul of Tarsus, would have reacted if someone had told him that 2,000 years ahead men would guide fishing in (as then) undiscovered oceans from an erection 330 yards high, standing in the centre of a great inland city?

Why drag in Galilee? Just association of ideas.

The other day, Cardinal Verdier of Paris blessed the Fécamp fishing fleet prior to this starting up its motors and heading for Spitzbergen waters. "*Que le Bon Dieu bénisse vos pêches*," or words resembling.

The picturesque ceremony dates back for centuries, with St. Malo, Boulougne, Concarneau, La Rochelle, as other principal settings. In poor years the fleets would return glumly, and that would be the first their home ports knew of the paucity of providential co-operation. In fat years the ensuing winters ashore would be brighter or less burdensome intervals.

So it proceeded until a short while back. Vessels shaped for fixed fields in quest of specific fish, and if they didn't find what they were after, nothing more could be done about it. Indeed, a succession of lean years in ideological times—and few can be more ideological than French deep-sea fishermen—caused notoriously freethinking if superstitious crews to look each time a little more askance at the ecclesiastical envoi, although only one port, "red" Douarnanez, came to dispense with it. Elsewhere, the womenfolk were adamant.

To-day, the ultimate co-operation upon which French fishing fleets rely is that 330 yards high erection, otherwise the Eiffel Tower radio, which guides them to this and that likely area long after they may have left port; or rather, to be strictly accurate, *guided* them, since dependence on wireless information from Paris is now ceasing, remains only the exceptional; fleets are putting to sea adequately equipped with simple, last-minute charts showing them where to go.

IN THE FLOATING LABORATORY on board the *President Théodore Tissier* scientists are constantly at work collating data. This man is studying examples of plankton (drifting organic life) brought up in the net pictured *on left*. Where these plankton are numerous it may naturally be assumed that edible fish, which prey upon them, will also be found in quantities

The magician of all this presides on the fourth floor of a Government annexe in the rue Octave Gréard, peaceful little shaded street at the foot of the Eiffel Tower, and colliding at one end with the ex-Exhibition. You read: "Ministry of Marine, Detached Service," and then you mount and meet Edouard Le Danois, geologist, chemist and sailor, director of the Scientific and Technical Office of Deep Sea Fishing, which employs a staff of forty at headquarters, has branches at Boulougne, Lorient, La Rochelle and Biarritz, and is establishing another at Marseilles, and whose experts periodically and sometimes lengthily go to sea in the Office vessel, *President Théodore Tissier*, called after the founder of affairs.

Before penetrating to the chief, you pass through rooms whose white-bloused staff and odour of ether strongly suggest the clinic but for the bottled fish of every description all round the walls. "The smell?" you sniff. "Oh, that! That is from our experiments in preserving, tinning fish. We also have to see that your oysters and other crustaceans are salubrious."

Dr. Le Danois is what he should be: a little bronzed man of the sea, pacing to and fro, hands deep in trouser pockets, beneath his white blouse, puffing without cessation at suffocating *bleues ordinaires*. The French mercantile marine usually smokes *bleues ordinaires* as the only ones guaranteed to stay around, even on the bridge in weather. They certainly stayed around this den from which only the blue sky was visible, and in which the piece of resistance took the form of a model of the *Tissier*.

"Yes," sighed Le Danois, "but the trouble with that ship is to get personnel for her. I do not mean the crew of twenty-three but the scientific young collaborators who can do their work at sea but also keep their food down! I tell you, it is difficult to find them. Off Newfoundland it will be no joke. Or perhaps off South America or West Africa or in the Arctic. I have done them all, and also with Charcot and the late Prince of Monaco. But that was when I had, how shall one say—arrived. I started by getting my doctorate of science and then went to sea before the mast in a whaler. But you wish, Monsieur . . .? Ah, to know how we locate specific fish in the far-away ocean, that is what interests the public, yes?

"Well, our system, which nowadays is never proved erroneous by experience, rests on the following. Thousands of temperature takings, and of the salt density of the water, were compared with the movement of fish and of water masses. The resultant exact fishing science is known as the law of oceanic 'transgressions.' Ten years ago not a soul knew what a 'transgression' was. Now every deep-sea fisherman does. It was they who pressed us on, being the first to realise that there was something—a great deal—in what we were aiming at. The shipowners, who now benefit most, were not so excited. Doubtless, they thought it was just some more scientific nonsense.

"We have, of course, known for a very long while that every species of fish selects its own waters of definite temperature. A quarter of a century's observation of annual temperature variations of the Atlantic has determined that these changes are periodic and that fish migration closely follows them. Our studies have further shown that the temperature changes of the ocean depend very greatly upon the expansion and the contraction of its warmer and saltier waters, and that these movements in their turn depend upon solar and lunar cycles. Yes, you may say that fish follow astronomical cycles and you will not exaggerate.

"I am convinced that the celebrated Gulf Stream is no current but a periodically expanding and contracting movement of water, happening to depend, in the event, on astronomical cycles of one, four-and-a-half, nine, eighteen, and 111 years.

"*Voyons*, the North Atlantic; it is a great bowl in which the water at the bottom and round the sides is colder and less salty than that of the gigantic so-called 'oil drop,' whose centre is adjacent to the Sargasso Sea, reputed as the fount of the Gulf Stream. As waters of different densities and temperatures do not intermix in large masses, this 'drop' reposes on a layer of colder water, and it moves not unlike a heart beating. Indeed, I call my 'drop' the 'Heart of the Atlantic'! Its pulsations, as those of the tides, depend upon moon, sun, and stars, and its greatest pulsation comes every eighteen years. Next year will be such a big pulsation, with much effect on fishing.

"These 'transgressional' oceanic movements affect many things—the famines in India, the rains in Africa, the presence or rarity of icebergs, even the catch of fur animals in the Hudson Bay—but most of all do they influence the migration of seasonal fish which may be classified in two biological groups: those of polar and those of Atlantic or equatorial origin. Colder and less salty, the northern water does not mingle with the hotter and saltier Atlantic where are to be found the red and white tunny, the mackerel, sardine and whiting, chiefly. We know the movements of Atlantic waters and so can advise fishermen where to go each year. As for the occupants of the colder, northern water, these are paramountly the cod and the herring. The herring flees before the arrival of warmer water, the cod lingers on the border line between warm and cold.

"This year my charts enabled me to send Breton cod fishermen farther north to Greenland.

(*Continued on page 276*)

THE MARKING OF FISH is another highly important phase of the work on board the French research ship, *President Théodore Tissier*. *Left*—The metal plaque used by the markers. It bears the date and the size of the fish at the time of capture. *Right*—A fish being measured before being marked and thrown back into the sea

SPHERE SURVEY

HANDS ACROSS THE ADRIATIC: Admiral Marjan L. Polić (second from left), Commander-in-Chief of the Yugoslavian fleet, and Admiral Riccardi (centre), of Italy, pictured at the salute during the recent visit of Italian warships to the Yugoslavian port of Sibenik on the Dalmatian coast. The Yugoslavian navy is of very mixed character, comprising several British, German, Austrian, and French-built ships

UNMISTAKABLY SPANISH: Señor Ruiz Vilaplana (centre), former Chief Justice of the Criminal Court at Burgos, when he arrived in New York on board the *Queen Mary* and was interviewed by the press presented a strikingly Hispanic appearance. He is now lecturing on behalf of the Government cause

TEST CASE: Captain Richard Bowman (left), skipper of an American air-liner, conducting the marriage of a Californian couple while his plane was flying at a height of over 3 miles. The bride and groom, acting on the principle that a captain of an American merchant vessel can officiate at a wedding, decided to see what view the law would take if a similar ceremony took place in the skies. British sea captains, except in certain circumstances, have no powers under the Marriage Act

KING VICTOR EMMANUEL PAYS TRIBUTE TO A MODERN ITALIAN ARTIST: The scene at Francavilla al Mare following the unveiling of the statue to the painter Michetti which took place in the presence of a distinguished gathering. His Majesty can be seen in the centre of the Royal box in the background

A CITY'S SHAME: French police superintending the expulsion of people from the so-called Village Negre, a slum area of Nantes, where the inhabitants for the most part dwelt in insanitary shanties, and undesirable elements in the underworld were known to congregate. All the dwellings have now been razed to the ground, despite the tenants' very active defiance of the authorities

STUDENT STROLLING PLAYERS FROM THE DEEP SOUTH: These boys and girls from Louisiana State University, pictured here on the roof of their Paris hotel, are touring Europe this summer and paying their way with a series of concerts. They are in charge of Dr. Henry Wallace Stropher, the university's music director

AT ONCE A THREAT AND A PROMISE: This is a reproduction of a pamphlet which has been dropped from the skies in thousands by Japanese aeroplanes raiding south China. It is intended to show how the people of Canton and other cities can expect nothing but ceaseless bombardment so long as they resist, and by way of contrast it depicts the "happy lot" of those dwelling in the Japanese-controlled provinces of the north. In the centre Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek is seen amid a heap of skulls, while suspended above him, and about to strike him down, is a giant scimitar

CHINA'S REFUGEES CROWD HONG KONG

Creating a Problem for the Welfare Organisations and Taxing Their Resources to the Limit

IN Hong Kong just now the refugee problem is assuming alarming proportions.

We know there is a similar problem in Europe to-day, and appreciate its urgency. But the unhappy plight of the Jews is at least having world-wide attention and consideration at the Evian conference, with prospects of arriving at some solution or amelioration of their distress. Of the Spaniards fleeing from their own people, we read of 23,000 children alone being sent abroad to be cared for.

But the Chinese, driven from their homes in terror of death or mutilation from the marauding Japanese, have scarcely anywhere to flee except to Hong Kong, which must seem to them a haven of refuge indeed. But it will be a mixed sort of haven before long if the influx continues.

For the past few months there has been a steady invasion from the north, in addition to the huge inrush from Canton; until now the estimated numbers vary between 250,000 and 750,000. Hong Kong's normal population is between 1,000,000 and 1,250,000!

Twenty-five thousand poor Chinese are sleeping in the streets. Pathetic little mat-shed settlements have sprung up all over the place, not only on odd pieces of waste land, but even on the pavements in the Chinese districts. And the confusion and misery which must result from the frequent tropical downpours of rain is beyond imagination.

Meanwhile it is summer in Hong Kong, with the maximum day's temperature over 90 deg. and the minimum not much below 80 deg., while the humidity is often as high as 100 per cent. It is not surprising that the children are covered with skin eruptions, that cholera rages, and that the government medical authorities have their work cut out to keep the situation in hand.

Small wonder, too, that we foreign residents are like nothing so much as human pin-cushions after all the inoculations and vaccinations we have to undergo as a safety-first measure.

Unfortunately, it is not quite so easy to safeguard the Chinese, as is shown by the case of the coolie in Shanghai who died of his twentieth cholera inoculation, having sold all his previous inoculation certificates to those requiring the proof without the eating.

But rigid quarantine restrictions are enforced on all ships now arriving in the port, and all refugees who have not previously been inoculated against cholera are compelled to be done before disembarking. By such measures the cholera epidemic is so far under control.

The big problem, however, is to take care of this enormous number of refugees. When the influx began, the only organisation existing to deal with them was the Tung Wah Hospital, the biggest Chinese charity organisation in the colony, which always has dealt with and repatriated people from all parts of China. They did their best and the Government helped by giving them the old Kowloon Magistracy, the old Victoria Gaol, and the old Government Civil Hospital for housing accommodation, and allowing them a generous subsidy. At the moment these buildings are housing just over 4,000, and are full up.

The inmates are fed at a cost of 17 cents (about 2d.) per head per day, and overcrowded to the extent of two or three on a bed. They are being repatriated at the rate of about fifty a day to home villages or quiet parts of China where possible—some against their will. An effort is being made to provide useful occupation (and pocket-money) for those remaining, in the shape of simple handwork, such as making fly-swats and cloth sandals which are worn largely by the soldiery.

At the beginning of June the Federation of Existing Societies was formed (consisting of about thirty Chinese war relief organisations), and the Emergency Refugee Council was also started by some energetic and public-spirited European residents, sponsored and encouraged by the Medical Officer of Health.

The F.E.S. have concentrated mostly on sending medical supplies and other necessities to Canton, where local authorities have done exceptionally fine evacuation work; and one branch of this association has acquired an empty Chinese house in the new territories, ready to give relief to a number of child refugees from Canton who are expected any day now.

(More than 800 war orphans are being similarly cared for in an old temple in Chungking, while 22,000 are said to be awaiting transportation from Hankow.)

The Emergency Refugee Council have discovered some interesting facts in the course of their work—which is mainly directed towards relief in Hong Kong itself. They report that the bulk of the refugees here are not completely destitute. At present they have a little money and they are not the type to come to a charity soup kitchen for food if they can help it. For instance, the permanent soup kitchen run by the Salvation Army in one of the most poverty-stricken districts regularly feeds 1,000 a day in the winter; but now its numbers have dropped to 800 a day in spite of the refugee influx.

In fact, the really poor walked out of Canton into the country on their flat feet. Those in Hong Kong who are almost destitute now are in some cases afraid to apply for assistance for fear of being sent back to China and the horrors from which they have escaped.

The family or clan life, which is the backbone of China, is proving the saving of these refugees, who nearly all have some relative or connection with whom they either sleep (thus adding to the overcrowded tenements) or merely eat, and sleep on the pavements. This is no hardship to the Chinese in the summer. Even in the rains the pavements are often better than the wretched mat-shed dwellings, for practically every pavement in Hong Kong is built under arches as a protection from the uncertain weather.

But the resources of these people will not last for ever. The Emergency Refugee Council decided in any case to start a soup kitchen in a poor class district as an experiment, and to prepare a broth according to a medical prescription which should be both nutritive and cheap.

The day I went to this soup kitchen (held in a disused church) 1,150 destitute Chinese—men, women, and children—were fed between 2 and 5 p.m. on enormous bowls of broth which looked and smelt delicious. For its preparation the following were used: 350 eggs, 100 lb. rice; 27 lb. beef, 90 lb. bone, 40 lb. tomatoes, 2 lb. ginger, 40 lb. soya beans, salt, the cost of which worked out roughly at 2·82 cents (only about ½d.) per head.

This broth is supposed to contain all the essential vitamins. Indeed, because the consumers used at first carefully to pick out the pieces of tomato with their chopsticks and throw them away, this very important vitamin container is now pounded into the broth in the cooking.

Every person applying for a chow bowl must produce a wooden tally as he goes in. These tallies are issued by the police and others to deserving cases, and are marked with the number of the day in question. Then as each feeder goes out, replete, he applies for another tally, this time stamped with to-morrow's date. As an additional precaution against cheating, the tallies are long and short on alternate days, which makes the task of the harassed checker very much easier. Sometimes an attempt is made to refuse a further tally to a child who appears rather plumper and in better condition than the remainder, but the despairing tears which result inevitably ensure its return.

The success of this experiment was undoubted from the start. But the disconcerting fact is that out of the daily 1,000 fed, only about 80 are refugees! The rest are the old Hong Kong "regulars." However, the kitchen is being continued, and others started, because it is felt that they must be helping to alleviate the general poverty.

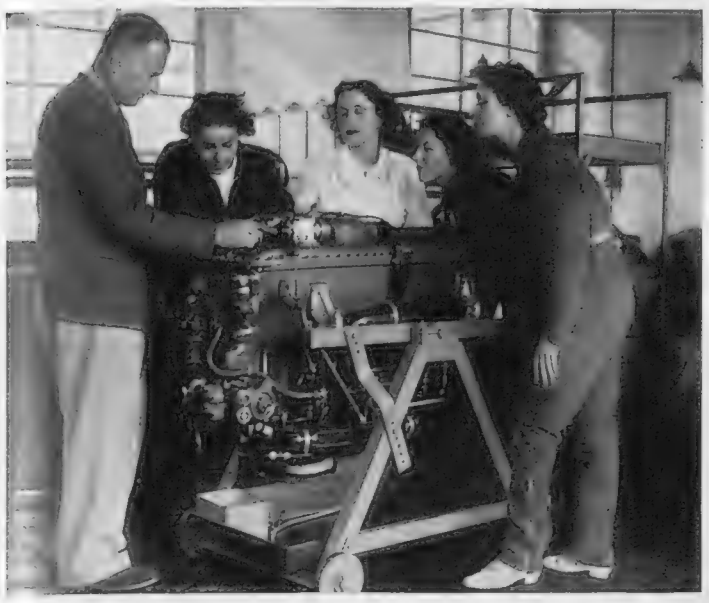
In the meantime there is the even more vital problem of the better-class refugee—the professional, teacher class. Their distress is very real and urgent. They are mostly from North China, men with academic qualifications, now workless, and women who have been forced to leave their

(*Continued on page 276*)

HONG KONG'S BREAD LINE: Chinese queueing up outside the Salvation Army food kitchen; one of many relief centres established in the city since refugees started pouring in

BRITAIN'S AIR-MINDED WOMEN

Brooklands Flying Club and its Enthusiastic Membership — Many "A" Licence Holders



ING THEM THE WORKS! Captain Duncan Davis instructing women members of Brooklands Flying Club in the intricacies of the aero engine, a full understanding of which is essential to the pilot who plans to go far afield. *Below*—This is Mrs. Colby, one of the leading lights of the club, who has her own plane and holds an "A" licence

POSSESSOR OF THE COVETED "B" LICENCE: Miss Mona Friedlander, another member of Brooklands Club, is one of the few woman aviators to have done over 100 hours flying. In four or five years, however, the number of "B" licence holders will be enormously increased if Sir Kingsley Wood's lately announced scheme for creating a Civil Air Guard continues to meet with the response it has done initially. Under this scheme an outlay of no more than £2 2s. 6d. will enable any man or woman to qualify for an "A" licence on the lightest type of machine, and it is reasonable to assume that a large proportion will later gain "B" licences. Nearly all the 400 flying members of the Brooklands Club have announced their intention of enrolling in the Air Guard

On left—
AN ENTHUSIASTIC PAIR: Mrs. Ogden, wife of Captain W. Ogden, and Miss Mona Friedlander pictured before going up on a flight from Brooklands Flying Club. The club now has about 2,000 members, of whom approximately 30 per cent. are women

THE ALKA RIDERS OF SINJ

Dalmatian Horsemen Demonstrate Their Prowess With The Lance On the Anniversary of The Turkish Defeat

ARRAYED FOR COMBAT: An Alka lancer in his magnificently wrought silver breastplate which he dons for the annual contest held in the streets of Sinj on the anniversary of the great defeat of the Turks. *Above on right*—A horseman skilfully passes his lance through the target when riding at full gallop. The target consists of a metal ring 6 ins. in diameter, composed of an upper field, two lower fields, and a bull's-eye 2½ ins. in diameter. A hit in the centre scores three points, in the lower fields two points, and in the upper field one point. Each competitor has three attempts

CELEBRATING A FAMOUS VICTORY: One of the picturesquely clad lancers of Sinj, Dalmatia, who every August give an exhibition of their prowess in the main street of the town to mark the anniversary of the battle of Sinjsko Polje, in 1715, at which the Dalmatians defeated the Turks

NEW BREAD AND OLD WINE are offered the Alka riders before they give their annual display in Sinj. The name Alka is derived from the Turkish word "Halka," meaning a ring, and the lances used are called "Alkare." Most of the terms used are derived either from Turkish or Arabic

On right—
THE JUDGES' BOX: Alka riders standing beneath the flag-draped tribune from which the officials watch the contest and award the marks. At the back of the stand can be seen a portrait of the youthful King Peter II

A glimpse of the large audience which watched the play presented after the inauguration by M. Lebrun of the restored Roman amphitheatre at Vienne, picturesque town of the Rhone valley. In Roman days Vienne was a flourishing colony and capital of one of the seventeen provinces of Gaul. Later it became an important ecclesiastical centre, being one of the great cradles of Christianity in Western Europe. To-day it is a busy industrial town

President Lebrun Visits Vienne

SHAKESPEARE—THE CRITICS' TARGET

Because to Praise Him Would be Dull, Belittling the Bard Has Become a Fashion: How It will Set a Problem for the New National Theatre

By S. R. LITTLEWOOD

WHICH shall it be—critics or Shakespeare? This seems to be a question by no means unlikely to arise when the National Theatre begins to rise from the present floodlit vacancy in the Cromwell Road. It is to be primarily for Shakespeare.

Yet, if we are to believe the apparent opinions of nearly all our present-day critics, Shakespeare is a thoroughly bad dramatist—tedious, obsolete, someone to apologise for and only to be tolerated when approached, from what is supposed to be a "fresh point of view," by some really important young producer who happens to be among the critic's club acquaintances.

When, for instance, Mr. John Gielgud recently revived *The Merchant of Venice*, opinions for and against his Shylock and "Motley's" setting were based on a general suggestion that the "well-thumbed text" was a topic only for sneers. Bassanio is regarded as a "wastrel" with a "meagre spirit"—though in courage and candour he was to prove worthy of Portia's favour, and she was wise as she was fair. We learn that it is one critic's habit to "yawn" at the "dull and doggerel-ridden" Casket Scene. Somehow we did not "yawn" at the old Lyceum, with Ellen Terry speaking those exquisite asides. "How all the other passions . . . !" Does that belong, I wonder, to the "dull" part, or is it just "doggerel"?

As for Mr. Lewis Casson's production of *Coriolanus*, at the Old Vic, it was a signal for something very like universal contumely over the creator of the supreme patrician. What can there have been about *Coriolanus* that held audiences in thrall under the spell of Kemble and Siddons, and made even Dr. Johnson refer to "this tragedy" in terms of approval, as "filling the mind with anxious curiosity"? We read now that, "if Shakespeare's name were not attached to it, it would not be performed at all."

So, too, with a long list of others. *As You Like It* is regarded as a "tiresome picnic." *The Merry Wives of Windsor*—let the audience roar never so much over Falstaff in the buck-basket—is all the more a "wretched farce." The not uncommon failure of young actors unused to the speaking of verse to satisfy all demands as *Othello*, *Iago*, *Lear* or *Macbeth* seems to have convinced critics that, whether or no Shakespeare should be read in book-form or travestied in "modern dress," he is just a bore in costume productions upon the living stage.

It must be confessed, of course, that younger men are in this only following the example of the greatest of living critics, who happens to be also the greatest of living dramatists. Bernard Shaw is himself an active member of the Shakespeare Memorial National Theatre Executive Committee—to give that much adventured body its full name. Here is his opinion of Shakespeare, expressed under the heading "Blaming the Bard" in *The Saturday Review*, just forty-two years ago.

"There are moments when one asks despairingly why our stage should ever have been cursed with this 'immortal' pilferer of other men's stories and ideas, with his monstrous rhetorical fustian, his unbearable platitudes, his pretentious reduction of the subtlest problems of life to commonplaces against which a Polytechnic debating club would revolt, his incredible unsuggestiveness, his sententious combination of ready reflection with complete intellectual sterility, and his consequent incapacity for getting out of the depth of even the most ignorant audience, except when he solemnly says something so transcendently platitudinous that his more humble-minded hearers cannot bring themselves to believe that so great a man really meant to talk like their grandmothers. With the single exception of Homer, there is no eminent writer whom I can despise so entirely as I despise Shakespeare, when I measure my mind against his."

A TOPIC FOR SNEERS: Glen Byam Shaw, Leon Quartermaine, and Richard Ainley in John Gielgud's revival of *The Merchant of Venice*, which aroused from some critics bitter references to the "well-thumbed text." As S. R. Littlewood points out, it seems that Shakespeare is doomed to suffer a "perpetual pelting" from the press

With this distinguished model before them, who can be surprised that current critics adopt an air of superior patronage towards Shakespeare, when they cannot hope for the force and freshness of Shaw's attack? The reason is simple enough. As those of us who have had experience of criticism as a profession know, the primary essential for a critic who wants to achieve a big, money-making reputation is that he should be talked about. Shaw himself admittedly took up dramatic criticism in order to call attention to himself and his plays. He "punched" Shakespeare, as being the author nearest the heart of the British public. All the while he was clever enough to reveal a genuine love and much understanding of Shakespeare. In the very same criticism he tells us that the characters of Shakespeare were then more real to him than most of the people he meets in his daily life.

The trouble is that what Shaw could do with success—leaving his readers in a good humour alike with him, his subject and themselves—proves only annoying as a general practice. Yet this is bound to happen. What else can a critic do to make his mark over a Shakespearean revival? He cannot "discover" Shakespeare—that has been done by others long ago. He can attack the actors and the production; but that makes him personally unpopular and brings reprisals. Shall he enter into the spirit of the audience, and just lend himself to laughter and to tears, and to enjoyment of the play? He might do this if he were not a critic; but that, unfortunately, is exactly what he is. He is, in all likelihood, bored stiff with having seen the same thing done—better or worse, as the case may be—again and again, and with being forced to think of bright things to write about it either during the performance or immediately afterwards. How much easier to "have a go at old Shakespeare," who is dead and cannot hit back! And for this purpose those pungent little epigrams which are so vital to a critical reputation can all be worked up beforehand.

So we must not blame the critics for "blaming 'the Bard'." Through the centuries to come as well as through those that are past, Shakespeare will have, probably, to suffer a perpetual pelting, until his language will have become so archaic that he will have to be translated into the English of the future. Then will come the time when it will be something new to praise the original.

Meanwhile, what a godsend to the critics the National Theatre will be, after all! Here they will find a theatre where they can say just what they like about Shakespeare, and keep on saying it, and it will not matter in the slightest. He will be there by unalterable decree.

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SINGAPORE: THE CHINAMAN'S HAVE

In this Great Seaport City, a Thousand Mile
He Enjoys a Life of Peace, of Hard Wo

RESTING ON HIS SHAFTS: A Chinese rickshaw-puller of Singapore waiting for a fare. His is a life of unceasing toil, and the reward for all his labour is meagre. He remains, however, a thousand times better off than his brother in China, on whom war, flood, famine, and disease have descended in such tragic fashion

A NATIONAL DISH IN THE MAKING: Pigskin, which the Chinaman regards as a rare delicacy on the dinner table, being hung out to dry in the tropical sun by a trader. The shopkeeping class in Singapore consists of Chinese and Indians, the Malays having little commercial instinct

THE SINGAPORE CHINAMAN SELDOM EATS AT HOME, preferring to patronise the street restaurants where his humble earnings are usually sufficient to ensure him a good meal. *On right*—The pigtail is a rarity nowadays, but the bowl of rice remains as popular as ever

THE Chinese was ever a good coloniser, not through any innate ability to adapt himself to a new environment, but rather because he invariably re-creates a bit of his own land in the land of his adoption.

In countless cities of Asia and America has he done this, and nowhere with greater thoroughness than in Singapore.

Singapore's Chinatown, indeed, might have been lifted lock, stock, and barrel from Shanghai, Canton, or Peiping and dumped bodily in the Straits Settlements.

In the streets of Singapore's Chinatown will be found the rickshaws and the elaborate signs

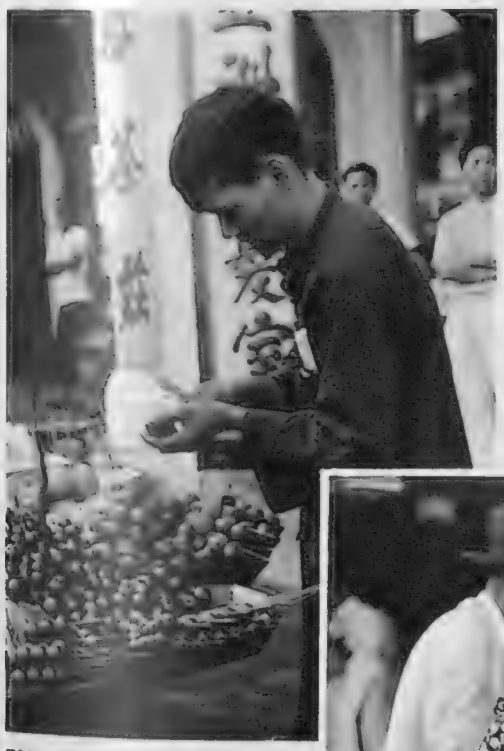
On left—
HE PUTS THE LETTERS ON THE CHINESE LANTERNS: A craftsman at work with his paints and brushes

EN FROM WAR, FLOOD, AND FAMINE

les and More from His Own Stricken Land,
ork, and for the Most Part of Contentment

THE PROFESSIONAL SCRIBE is in much demand in Singapore and he numbers among his clients a host of Chinese born in the Straits Settlements and unable to write in their mother tongue. He sits at the street corner, his pen and his left leg both curiously poised

WHAT COULD BE SIMPLER? The Chinese mother shows rare good sense in the way she carries her child, for it leaves both her hands free, in this case to peel a banana, and, at the same time, the youngster is obviously quite comfortable



TOFFEE APPLES ARE THE PRINCIPAL STOCK IN TRADE OF THIS STREET VENDOR, and he also serves sweet potatoes and succulent slices of pineapple on the ends of his wooden skewers

almost disappeared, and the Chinese lady with feet so tightly bound that she can scarcely hobble along is now almost as great a rarity.

Wherever there is hard work to be done the Chinese coolie is to be found. He carries heavy loads or pulls a rickshaw at a brisk unflagging trot. In Singapore he works hard for a modest living, but he has cause enough to be thankful. For in this great city he enjoys a very real security, and flood, famine, disease, and the grim hand of war are as remote to him as they are real to his less fortunate brothers in the stricken areas of China.

reminiscent of China itself. There are professional readers and professional scribes, dentists and quacks, vendors of fruits, drinks and queer concoctions, cakes and jellies made from seaweed, dried pigskin, sharks' fins and edible birds' nests.

There rich Chinese merchants rub shoulders with coolies and mechanics; Chinese women labourers wend their way homeward after a long day of carrying bricks and mixing mortar, and mingle with fortune tellers, fishermen, tailors and clerks. As in China, the pigtail has

"STAFF OF LIFE": A Chinese girl enjoying a bowl of rice at a restaurant. *On right*—The profession of the Chinese street dentist is obvious, for he displays on his sidewalk pitch a host of molars he has extracted. He requires no chair, as his client squats conveniently

FLOWER PAINTING IN FIVE CENTURIES

An Unusual Art Exhibition held at the Victoria and Albert Museum

GEMS OF SIXTEENTH-CENTURY DRAUGHTSMANSHIP: These three paintings, executed by Jaque le Moyre de Morgues in 1556 in connection with a botanical work, are included in the highly interesting exhibition now being held at the Victoria and Albert Museum to show the pictorial treatment of flowers by artists through the centuries. *Left*—This study of a wild strawberry is most decorative, and at the same time is almost photographic in its accuracy of detail. *Centre*—There has been some dispute among experts as to the identity of this particular subject, the colouring of which is still brilliant, though it was applied nearly 400 years ago. *Right*—The pink mallow

BAROQUE FLOWER AND FRUIT DESIGNS are typical of eighteenth-century work, in England especially, and this beautifully engraved and hand-painted illustration to Casteel's *Twelve Months of Flowers*, its vase and plinth lavishly strewn with seasonable fruits, adheres closely to the style of the period

A MASTERPIECE FROM THE BRUSH OF JAN VAN HUYSUM: This exquisite painting, predominating in reds and blues, was obviously one of the artist's earlier works, belonging to the period when he still preferred to give a dark setting to his subjects. His later flower groups are more often than not arranged against a very much lighter background

ALMOST MODERN IN EXECUTION: Georg D'Ehret's lovely painting of the "Duke of Cumberland," dated 1756. The rich glow of claret petals, shading to grey, with their brilliant yellow centres, provides a striking contrast to the blue-grey leaves. The motif is one that any floral designer of to-day might feel inspired to adapt

Below—A JAPANESE FLORAL DESIGN OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, belonging to a time when Western art was at its heaviest. Almost crudely brilliant are the reds, orange, pinks and greens when analysed, but, so cunningly blended are they, the work lacks nothing in harmony

Some very charming and unusual flower drawings are now on exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum. This collection consists mainly of illustrations to botanical books published at various periods, and is arranged to show to advantage the styles of painting fashionable during different centuries. These accurate and at the same time decorative drawings have obviously been the inspiration for designers and illustrators, as well as giving a very comprehensive and minute replica satisfactory to the most critical of botanical enthusiasts.

Amongst numerous rare works are several of the

(Continued on right)

original paintings by Jaque le Moyre de Morgues executed in 1556 to illustrate a book about English flowers; these particularly combine a naturalistic accuracy with a delightful feeling for well-balanced design.

No collection of flower paintings would be complete without an example from the famous hand of Jan Van Huysum whose skilful brushwork almost rivals the velvet softness of nature. There is little wonder that the leading Dutch florists of the early eighteenth century clamoured to supply him with their choicest flowers for subjects—such advertisement would without a doubt liberally reimburse them for their gifts

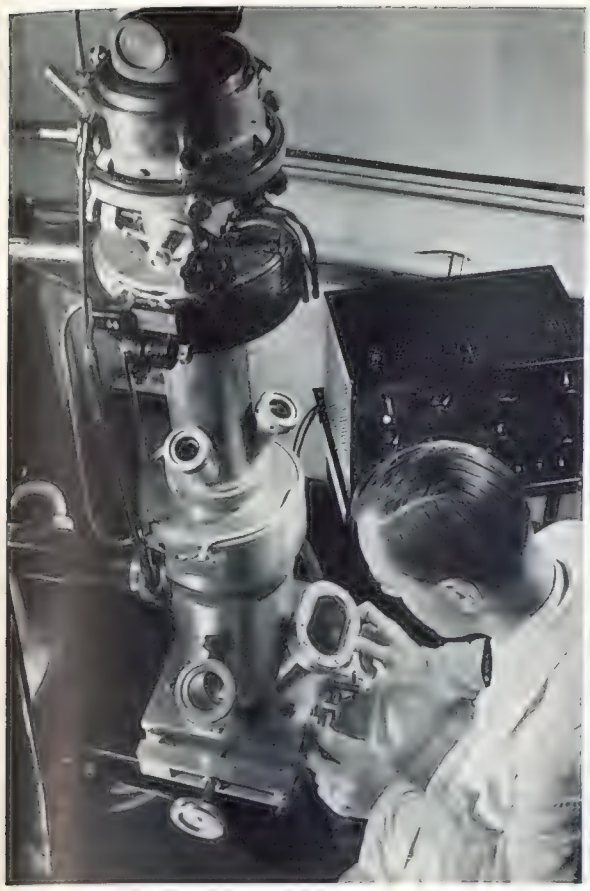
LIDOS *for* LONDON'S YOUTH: The L.C.C. Sets Up Games Centres to Keep the Children off the Streets

A BOON AT HOLIDAY TIME: The children's paddling pool at Parliament Hill, Hampstead, provides just one example of the way in which London is catering for its youth and, by the establishment of lidos and games centres, helping materially to keep youngsters away from the traffic dangers of the streets, particularly during the vacation

SERVING A POPULOUS AREA: Children on the roundabout (*above*) and in the sandpit (*on right*) at Charlton where the London County Council has established one of its new games centres under its elaborate three-year plan to brighten the parks and provide the young with greater opportunities for healthful exercise away from the dangers of the streets. Altogether the L.C.C. has arranged for the establishment of twenty-seven games centres for boys and twenty-five for girls in school playgrounds, and for sixteen boys' and seventeen girls' centres in parks and open spaces. A total of £275,000 is being allocated to the scheme

ALL THE FUN OF THE FAIR at Geraldine May Harmsworth Park, Lambeth Road, where the rocking horse and the maypole are great favourites with the children who flock to this well-equipped games centre. There is also a new bathing pool there, having a length of 100 ft. and a maximum depth of 3 ft., where youngsters under twelve years of age can disport themselves on hot afternoons and their parents can rest assured they will be safe. No charge is made for admission

On the Moors you will observe that Wills's Gold Flake
is the Man's cigarette that Women like



NEW FIELDS TO CONQUER: Magnification up to 100,000 times is possible with this new cathode ray microscope which has been brought to perfection in Berlin and may play a part in solving many a mystery of medicine, particularly that of infantile paralysis where the virus is too small to be seen through any ordinary microscope

The War on INFANTILE PARALYSIS

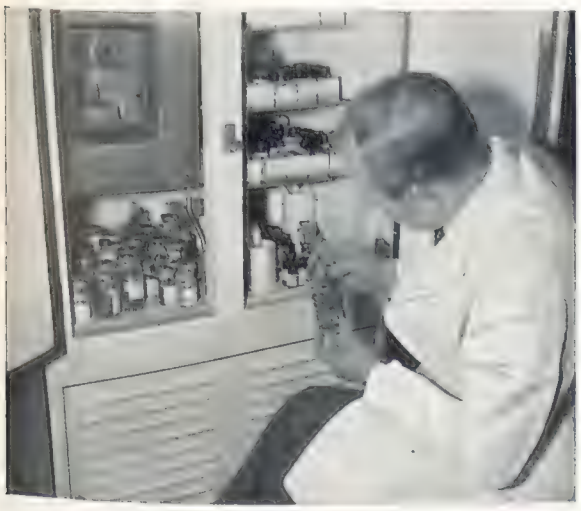
Has Modern Science at Last Found a Cure?

HAS a cure for infantile paralysis, or poliomyelitis, been found? Science is hopeful that such will prove to be the case. Hitherto, infantile paralysis, an acute infection of the spinal cord by a germ, has proved baffling.

During the last few years, as the result of research in this country and America, science has learned many interesting facts regarding the disease. Infantile paralysis is caused by a virus or germ twenty-five times too small to be seen through any ordinary microscope. The disease occurs only in human beings and monkeys, entering the nervous system by way of exposed nerves in the nasal passages, passing from thence to the spinal cord.

At first it was hoped that a serum or vaccine could be found which would counteract the deadly germ. Many were produced and tests upon monkeys were carried out by Dr. E. W. Schultz in California, and also by Dr. Armstrong in Washington. Monkeys were inoculated with the serums, to be followed in due course by injection of the germ. The protection proved only partial.

Then it was discovered that serums and vaccines failed, because the virus travels to the spine along and inside the nerves, which were not affected by injections into the blood stream. This led both Dr. Schultz and Dr. Armstrong to try blocking the virus at its point of entry. Solutions of alum were sprayed into the noses of the monkeys. The death-carrying virus was then delivered to the delicate hair-endings of the nerves, but the chemical blocked the germ out and saved the monkeys. It is a remarkable discovery and is expected to lead to the production of a spray which will be safe to use on children and ensure protection. H. J. S.



FIGHTING A DREAD DISEASE: Dr. E. W. Schultz, of Stanford University, California, examining the spinal cords of monkeys infected with the infantile paralysis virus and stored in 50 per cent. glycerine in a refrigerated chamber. Under these conditions the virus can remain active for years

B. H. Humble

THE JAGGED PINNACLES OF SKYE: This Scottish isle lures many an enthusiastic climber to its shores at holiday time to try conclusions with its formidable peaks. One of the most difficult is the crag jutting from the cliffs of Sgurr Sgumain and which, in the picture on the *left*, is seen rising spectacularly above a blanket of cloud. Even harder to conquer is the appositely named "Inaccessible Pinnacle" of Sgurr Dearg (*right*)

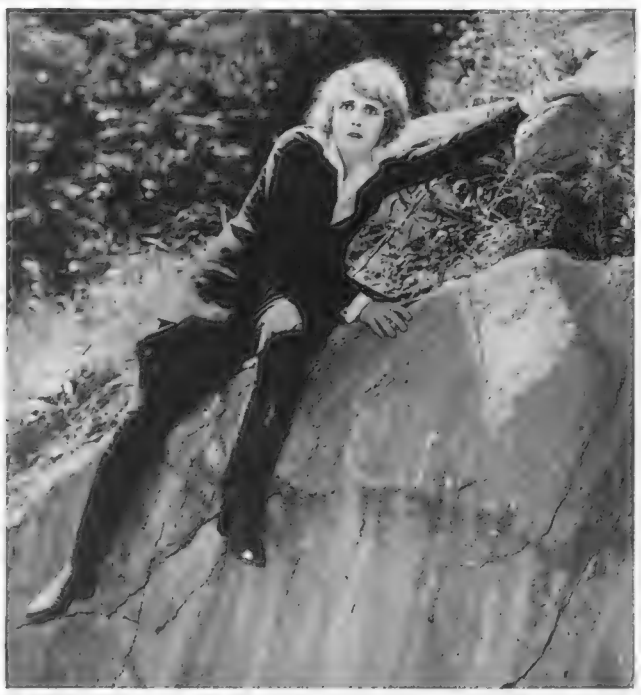
IN A WORLD ABOVE THE CLOUDS: An unusual view showing the Snowdon Mountain Railway train emerging into the bright sunshine from the shrouded valley. *On right*—Looking from Snowdon's lofty summit at sunset to the distant Menai Straits and the coastline of Anglesey

The CALL *of the* HIGH HILLS

AT THE BAR OF INTERNATIONAL JUSTICE: Foreign Secretary Sir Orpheus Midlander (Ernest Thesiger), an impudent caricature of Sir Austen Chamberlain; Herr Battler (Norman Wooland), robed as Lohengrin; the Judge (Donald Wolfit); and Signor Bombardone (Cecil Trouncer), robed as Nero. An episode from the third act of Shaw's *Geneva*, his latest satirical play, which opened the tenth Malvern Festival

THE MINX AND HER SELF-EFFACING HUSBAND: A spot of bother between Mr. and Mrs. Lamb (H. R. Hignett and Phyllis Shand) in C. K. Munro's new farce *Coronation-time at Mrs. Beam's*, which proved moderate fare when presented last week at Malvern

"CORONATION-TIME AT MRS. BEAM'S": Jasmine Shushtray, Eileen Beldon (as Miss Newman, the jealous hoyden), and Marjorie Taylor; a trio in C. K. Munro's Malvern Festival farce



"WILL SHE FALL OR WILL SHE NOT?" ran the characteristic subtitle of this closing shot in a reel from one of Pearl White's serial films, which so captured the imagination of the fans in the silent days, keeping them in suspense from week to week. Pearl White has just died in a Paris hospital, as a result, it is said, of injuries she received during her acrobatic screen career

A WEEK AT MALVERN:

The Festival Plays Reviewed

By PHILIP PAGE

THE West Country is drama-conscious as well as cider-conscious, and Malvern is now *en fete*, its tenth annual festival being in full swing. Possibly "swing" is hardly the word—certainly not in the musical sense, for on the theatre's gramophone (there is no orchestra) Brahms and Mozart were played very loudly during the intervals, and when one afternoon, the spirit of carnival strong within me, I went to an organ recital in the Priory Church, Dr. Hamand played Bach. Still, the hilly streets are be-flagged, fairy lights glow after dark, the hotels are full, and the claret-cup flows gaily at the local dances. Literary and theatrical celebrities abound and greet each other with "When did you arrive?" or "How long are you going to stay?" and after the daily thunderstorm celebrities and nonentities alike say, "Well, it will cool the air."

Not only Malvern has its theatrical touch. I lunched one day at Tewkesbury, to which town Mr. Bertie Meyer, who used to run London theatres, is what the late Sir Harry Preston was to Brighton, and found a whale in the aisle of its glorious old Abbey. As I had seldom, if ever before, seen a whale in an Abbey I made inquiries and found that it was a stage "prop," left over from a performance of Mr. James Bridie's *Jonah and the Whale* in the churchyard. The same author's *Tobias and the Angel* had also been given and I'm told that the appearance in the final scene of the Angel on the Abbey roof and the marking of his return to Heaven by firing off a rocket was most awe-inspiring.

But to return to Malvern and Mr. Bernard Shaw's new play, *Geneva*, which, appositely enough in this case, is, like so many of Mr. Shaw's plays, really little more than a conference, and a very long one. That is to say, people sit round on the stage and talk. In the last act, which runs to over an hour and a half, almost the whole cast is assembled, and, as they cannot all talk at once, some of them sit silent for half an hour or more. But faults of technique have never worried Mr. Shaw.

What do they talk about? Mostly European politics. Here is the author's own note on their (and his) job:—

"The critics are sure to complain that I have not solved all the burning political problems of the past and future and restored peace to Europe and Asia. They always do. I am flattered by the implied attribution to me of Omniscience and Omnipotence; but I am also infuriated by the unreasonableness of the demand. I am neither Omniscient nor Omnipotent; and the utmost I or any other playwright can do is to extract comedy and tragedy from the existing situation and wait to see what will become of it."

That is an eminently reasonable statement, even if the demands of the critics are as unreasonable, which I beg leave to doubt, as Mr. Shaw alleges.

But the trouble about a play dealing with "the existing situation" is that the situation so soon ceases to exist. There is change almost from day to day, and in some respects European politics are already different from what they were when Mr. Shaw wrote the last sentence of *Geneva*. A politically "topical" play has little point as such unless it *is* topical, which it can never actually be. The value of Mr. Shaw's latest production lies in the wit of many of the speeches, for all their excessive length, and in the hard common sense which so often gleams through a dense thicket of words. It would be improved if it could be shortened and much of the frankly farcical element eliminated.

The author's love of fantastic names for many of his characters, of making people flop about on the floor, and of extravagant costumes to denote something very comic indeed, can be somewhat tiresome, and he has displayed it in better plays than this. If General Franco is made to appear in Spanish uniform, I do not see why Herr Hitler should be dressed like Lohengrin (his devotion to Wagner hardly warrants this extravagance) and why Signor Mussolini should don a toga of ancient Rome. Mr. Cecil Trouncer, however, looked remarkably like the Duce and the part was played, and is written, in genuinely amusing fashion.

But if the dictators are held up to ridicule up to a point, it is only up to a point. Their views are fairly presented; indeed, Mr. Shaw is fair to almost everyone and every creed — to the dispossessed German Jew, to the British Imperialist (the late Sir Austen Chamberlain via Mr. Ernest Thesiger), to the suburban female Tory, to the English red-tied Socialist, to the American journalist, to the wealthy young aristocrat, to the old lady who has "found Jesus." I would say that he was also fair to the mysterious young widow with a mantilla and a revolver had I the haziest notion what the character was intended to represent, though it was played with immense gusto by Miss Philippe Gill.

But in one episode the fun (if it was meant to be funny) sadly missed fire. I seemed to feel the many parsons in the audience—Malvern is like that—leaping in their seats when Mr. H. R. Hignett, dressed as an English bishop, had to fall flat in a faint whenever he was worsted in an argument with a Bolshevist Commissar. The latter finally complained that the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel was anti-Soviet propaganda, which doubled the Bishop up for ever and saved Mr. Hignett from bothering about that last act.

"Music at Night."—Mr. J. B. Priestley's *Music at Night* is also a "conference play" in the sense that his characters for the most part sit round the stage in a semi-circle after the fashion

ANOTHER EXPERIMENT IN TIME: R. Stuart Lindsell and Lydia Sherwood in Priestley's Festival play *Music at Night*, in which he develops the theories advanced in his recent works, bringing the dead into immediate focus with the living

AN OLD PLAY HAS ITS PREMIERE: Donald Wolfit in the title role and Reginald Jarman as Nearchos in Lord Dunsany's *Alexander* which was written many years ago and last week found its way to the stage at Malvern. The piece has much interest, with its irresistible touch of elegant irony, but the portrait of Alexander, who is shown as a man with a high conceit of himself, is inclined to be lacking in stature

of a Christy minstrel entertainment. But this is no more like a Christy minstrel entertainment than it is like *Geneva*. Not only is Mr. Priestley's dramatic fecundity amazing. More than any other dramatist, living or dead, is he intent on seeking out something new, not necessarily in subject matter but in the form in which he presents it. The Time-Space theory he has interestingly and, particularly in the case of one of them, successfully exploited in two recent plays.

Here he strikes new grounds of exploitation of such means as are at his disposal and has, in addition, invented new ones. I cannot do better than quote his own words in explanation of this strange and frankly experimental drama. "In this play," he writes, "I attempt to dramatise the mental adventures of a group of persons listening to the first performance of a piece of music. It is assumed that the mood of the music more or less controls their moods. The progress throughout the play is from the surface of the mind to deeper and deeper levels of consciousness."

What we actually see is an amiable hostess, who gives a musical party in order to launch a young composer who has written a violin concerto. This concerto is heard "off" in scraps, with piano instead of orchestral accompaniment, and those scraps succeeded in the not-easy job of persuading one that it was music both worth listening to and new. That by the way. I found it more difficult to be persuaded that all those guests could have been so profoundly musical in themselves that their moods could have been "controlled" by it to the extent of rising from that semi-circle and acting highly emotional scenes from the Past or the Future, in some cases with ghosts. On the whole, they struck me as a rather matter-of-fact crew.

But that is a concession which the author has every right to claim. The elderly statesman (again played immaculately by Mr. Ernest Thesiger) stands up to declare that the world he loved ended in 1914 and soliloquises tenderly over a "gent's straw-boater" which he takes—as it may well be taken—as a symbol of that easier and sweeter age.

A blonde, brazen, and heartless society gold-digger (Miss Lydia Sherwood—another perfect performance from this fine actress) meets again a dead sister in a scene of exquisite sentimentality, yet with nothing maudlin about it. A Communist poet from Oxford rants his slogans and clenches his fist and jumps on human love, only to become for a while a poet of more romantic calibre and to rhapsodise over a vision of Nefertiti. During an evening marred a little by inaudibility Mr. Alec Clunes's fine diction and easy virility deserved commendation.

I could not quite swallow the highly-paid gossip-writer who sobbed when the ghost of his mother asked him whether he was doing really worthy work. Such examples of the species as I have met have struck me as being both hard-boiled and well pleased with themselves. Nor did the final scene—"the strange happenings," says Mr. Priestley, "arise from my belief that at these depths (of consciousness) we are not the separate beings we imagine ourselves to be"—seem convincing. Possibly it was not intended to be. It involved the wearing of masks and the speaking of words in unison—methods I detest, whether in Greek drama or in *Murder in the Cathedral*. A fact quite apart is that *Music at Night* is a powerful piece of thinking and a play with many moments of great beauty.

"Coronation-time at Mrs. Beam's."—I have no first-hand evidence of the way the occupants of London boarding-houses behaved in the Coronation week. Probably a good time was had by all. I trust they were more amused than were the bulk of the audience during Mr. C. K. Munro's *Coronation-time at Mrs. Beam's*, which is as long and as clumsy as its title. This is, of course, a sequel to his immensely and deservedly successful *At Mrs. Beam's*. There is no reason why a farce should not have a sequel provided its author can think of new and funny things for its familiar funny characters to do and say, though I cannot call to mind any other farce with a sequel to it. Unfortunately, this farce was probably the most tedious farce ever produced at the Malvern or any other Festival, and about as funny as the Priory Church opposite.

Mr. Munro cannot help putting an amusing touch here and there, for he has a great flair when in the mood. But such touches were all too rare. We meet Miss Shoe again in the person of clever Miss Jean Cadell, and her old-maid's fussiness raised some smiles. Full use is made of Miss Cheyle's (Miss Margaret Watson) deafness. I never did think deafness hilarious as a stage subject, and on this occasion it was embarrassing, for an old lady in the stall just behind me was using an ear trumpet. The best act was the second, in which Mr. H. R. Hignett had to squabble rather sordidly in a bedroom with Miss Phyllis Shand, as a red-headed and whisky-sodden virago. For the rest, the piece went on and on and on in its dealings with supposed bombs, pseudo-cousins, and alleged Bolshevists, Mr. Ernest Thesiger being lamentably wasted in a silly beard and a silly part, and Miss Eileen Beldon overdoing things equally lamentably.

"Alexander."—Lord Dunsany wrote *Alexander* some fifteen years ago, but it has remained for Malvern to produce it. Malvern is to be congratulated. It is not a masterpiece and is certainly not the author's best effort. Yet Lord Dunsany has an irresistible touch of elegant irony, of simplicity that is attractive, if in this case only apparent, and he has a fine mind, in the sense that it grasps the finer *nuances* of things. Here is a fable and not an attempt at historical drama. Alexander the Great proclaims himself as a god and is "undone" in the fashion that mortals were apt to be when they gave cause to the always jealous immortals to become still more jealous. Love interest, if it can be called that, is confined to the claiming of Alexander's corpse by the Queen of the Amazons, who had comforted him in life.

There are no heroic thrills, and intense drama is lacking. But *Alexander* is never for an instant dull, it is full of meaning, and it has been produced with care and admirable effect. Mr. Donald Wolfit has to be a braggart as Alexander, and with an infinitely subtle and unobtrusive sense of fun makes the character none the less sympathetic. I hope *Alexander* comes to London and will not remain just a Malvern memory.

DAVID BALFOUR AND ALAN BRECK are played by Freddie Bartholomew and Warner Baxter in the film version of Stevenson's classic novel *Kidnapped*, which recently had its premiere at the Gaumont, Haymarket. The story has proved an admirable screen theme and contains some first-rate acting

A CLASSIC SCREENED: Miles Mander (as Ebenezer Balfour), Arleen Whelan (as Jean MacDonald), and Warner Baxter (as Alan Breck, the rebel leader) in the film version of *Kidnapped*

The Perfect Guest is Always Decorative

And well she knows the value of tea gowns, from the point of view of both charm and comfort. Here is one in crease-resisting velvet, the glorious colour of a glowing amethyst. Shirred between the crossed bands which fasten at the back of the neck, it is slit to the waist, has a graceful short train, is made in many shades and comes from Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street, W.

HOUSE PARTY

There could be no nicer way to show your gratitude than to send your hostess a breakfast-in-bed set to match one of her rooms. Asprey's do them in pink, green, yellow, blue, and white, with contrasting spots, set out on matching trays of wood and glass banded with gilt. They are gay and charmingly practical

Gifts for a Hostess

There is no reason why a host should be overlooked. Give him a Cartridge Place Finder in bronze mounted with silver or gold. You can get them at Asprey's from 35s. Or send him Game Bird menu holders. Painted on bronze, they have green onyx bases, and they cost £4 12s. 6d. The cigarette case is of fine engine-turned silver with the map left plain. You can get them from 10 guineas, and local maps are prepared by Asprey's artists without any extra charge

Four more suggestions. A pure Cashmere travelling rug, specially made for Asprey in Scotland, and priced at £2 10s. Matching scarves cost 12s. 6d. A real pigskin bag for 1 guinea. The one shown has a flat base and is fitted with an inner division, a mirror, and a purse pocket, but there are several different shapes. A navy calf bag with white stitching and a dull gilt mount, price 3 guineas. Or a black antelope bag with an exquisite chased silver frame set with marcasite. Price £21. All from Asprey, of 165, New Bond Street, W.

ONCE THE SHRINE OF MUSICAL COMEDY: On the site of renowned Daly's, demolition of which began last October, now rises the Warner Theatre—a super cinema—and Leicester Square, former stronghold of the stage, is now given over entirely to the screen

STONE BROUGHT TO LIFE: *Left*—This plaque adorning the left-hand side of the facade of the Warner Theatre, now rising above the site of demolished Daly's, represents the spirit of sound, and the figure is seen in an appropriate gesture with one hand held to his ear. *Right*—A carver, wearing a paper hat as protection against the sun, at work on one of the classic figureheads adorning the keystones of the new Midland Bank headquarters, which is now being completed in the city

A FAMOUS BUILDING SAVED: The renovation of Holborn's Staple Inn, begun nearly three years ago, is complete, and the last of the hoardings, which screened the gabled and timbered facade while the work was in progress, has now been removed. Although much of the original material of the building was beyond use in the restoration, the Tudor character of the inn has been effectively retained, and the view from Gray's Inn Road still suggests a picturesque survival from a past century. At the time the renovation was undertaken, it was discovered that the whole of the main structure was completely rotten owing to the ravages of the death-watch beetle

SCHEDULED FOR DEMOLITION: The owners of these houses in Waterloo Bridge Road, many of whom have been under notice for ten or more years, are at last preparing to leave, and before long men will start the work of clearing the site under the Waterloo Bridge reconstruction scheme. Some of the houses are of rather curious construction, having one entrance in Waterloo Bridge Road and another on the lower level beneath the bridge approach

"BALLET IN ACTION" is the title of Merlyn Severn's magnificently produced volume which has just been published at 42s. by John Lane, The Bodley Head, and shows in a series of photographic studies, two of which are seen above, the great dancers of our day interpreting the major roles. All the pictures were taken during actual performances, thereby gaining measurably in value; for the keen follower of ballet is interested not in mere poses, but in actual records, such as these, which assist in the study of technique

The WORLD *of* BOOKS

Reviewed by VERNON FANE

MASS obsession with crime seems to vary with the amount of sentiment the particular case can evoke. The suicide "pact" with what is known as love playing upon the heart-strings will make the evening front page, while many a gas-oven tragedy of mere financial disaster will scarcely merit a line in "news in brief."

Murder, being usually a crime having a strong sexual basis (hence the unreality of most modern detective fiction), obviously makes the best tea-time tattle. The murderee is forgotten when motives are being unravelled in the box and demeanour in the dock reported upon by the best descriptive pens, to be followed by demonstrations and petitions for mercy.

Nothing like a spot of what it calls human weakness to rouse the public sentiment. The lovable drunkard, the reformed rake, the black sheep, the prodigal son. There is right, of course, and there is wrong, but in the rough-and-ready ethics of the everyday world that which the church denounces as mortal sin may be taken on the easier count of mortal fallibility. "A man is entitled to his bit of fun."

That is why Dictators who live ascetically, betraying no known frailties of the flesh, are a little frightening, and the bootlegging gangster who does not drink becomes public enemy No. 1.

A novelist who launches so powerful an attack upon the "everyday ethical world" as Mr. Graham Greene does in BRIGHTON ROCK (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) is on dangerous ground. Frankly, it is a murder story, a shocker. Now people who read shockers are not used to being made to think about moral issues. The crime, however brutal or ingenious, is merely a subsidiary thrill to the more exciting game of detection; nor is the entertainment value impaired by the certainty that the criminal is sure to be brought to what is known as book on the last page.

Mr. Greene breaks all the rules in his shocker. He murders his man right away and then proceeds with the story of the murderer. The thrills are in the development of character rather than of action (though there is a lesson to thriller writers in how to get off the mark with a bang in the first few pages of *Brighton Rock*. The opening sentence is: "Hale knew they meant to murder him before he had been in Brighton three hours.").

Pinkie is one of the most interesting characters ever conceived in fiction. Prematurely old at seventeen, coldly cruel, though not sadistic, born a slum child, and with a soul rooted in Catholicism. He had seen sex at its worst and most horrible in the enforced propinquity of his home and had come to adolescence with a deep loathing for all its manifestations. He had the same fastidious contempt for drink and for all those activities usually condoned under the headings of "a bit of fun" or "having a good time."

The whole of Pinkie's emotional force was an insatiable desire for power. His strength was in his tremendous will to self-isolation; it bred self-confidence to a dangerous pitch. Born to a life where gangsters ruled by intimidation and violence he literally carved his way to leadership. Driven in upon himself, and with an immense pride in his own isolation, he tasted power by having a gang at his command at a ridiculously early age. His cruelty and megalomaniac drive could only find its fulfilment in murder.

He is strong and purposeful enough not only to accomplish the murder but to cover his tracks well enough to secure a natural causes verdict from a coroner's jury. The boy knew what he was doing and how to do it, but he had reckoned without the people with all the weaknesses he despised.

If Hale had not met and talked to the blowsy and bibulous Ida Arnold shortly before he met his death Pinkie would certainly not have given himself away to Rose. Rose was also a slum child and a Catholic. At sixteen years of age she was working as a waitress in a tea-shop, and Pinkie was the first boy of her own age and class to bring some colour into her drab life. She repaid him with a blind devotion, and in her ignorance and stupidity was slavishly willing to do anything at his bidding, even to face death.

Ida Arnold was a loose-living, impulsive, generous, open-handed, and warm-hearted woman of forty who enjoyed life but who could not help interfering when her wider sense of right and wrong was offended. She happened upon the Pinkie and Rose affair, and, sensing something sinister about Pinkie, set about rescuing Rose from him. In the course of her interference she began to piece together some connection between Hale's death and the young gangster.

Ida clung like a leech to the pair, unravelling more and more about the boy as she persecuted Rose with relentless questionings. When he realised at last that Rose had learned too much, Pinkie first of all decided to marry her, on the hypothesis that she would then be unable to give evidence against him. Physically repelled, he goes through the performance of a civil marriage with the connivance of a crook lawyer, arguing with his religious conscience that it is no marriage at all.

But the mortal sin has to be expiated, he must achieve invulnerability again; Rose must be put out of the way. In this purpose he is strengthened by the comparatively easy removal of a member of his own gang by a method which passes for accidental death.

So we get the boy, who is the embodiment of evil, demanding and receiving the blind allegiance of Rose, who is all good, in his fight against those widely "moral" forces represented by Ida Arnold and of which he is contemptuous because he

(Continued on page 268)

A MASTER OF LITERARY STYLE HONOURED IN HIS OWN COUNTY: The scene in the Guildhall at Truro as Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, noted novelist and writer on the art of writing, recently delivered a speech of thanks after receiving the Freedom of the Borough. Sir Arthur, who is seventy-four years of age, achieved great success in 1887 with his first novel, *Dead Man's Rock*, written under the pseudonym of "Q," and many saw in his polished prose the powerful influence of Robert Louis Stevenson. His post-war work has largely consisted of critical studies, revealing a highly developed literary taste and judgment

BOOKS RECEIVED

GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN.—A HISTORY OF CRICKET. By H. S. Altham and E. W. Swanton. Illustrated. 8s. 6d. SHADOWS ON THE HILLS. By Nancy Price. Illustrated. 5s. ARTHUR BARKER.—DO YOUR OWN TIME. By Don Castle. 7s. 6d. NOT PROVEN. By Peter Traill. 7s. 6d. BENN.—DEBT (PRIVATE AND PUBLIC, GOOD AND BAD). By Ernest J. P. Benn. 5s. BURROW.—THE DUNLOP GUIDE TO GREAT BRITAIN. 5s. CASSELL.—"GIPSY WATERS" CRUISES SOUTH. By Don Waters. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. CHAPMAN & HALL.—THROUGH A WARD WINDOW. By H. L. Montgomerie. 8s. 6d. CHATTO & WINDUS.—IN HAZARD. By Richard Hughes. 7s. 6d. COLLINS.—DAWN EXPRESS THERE AND BACK. By Michael Harrison. 12s. 6d. DAWN IN LYONESSE. By Mary Ellen Chase. 5s.

MARINE PHOTOGRAPHY PAR EXCELLENCE: The Canadian fishing schooner *Bluenose* battling in a Channel breeze (*above*) and the "J" Class racer *Astra* going at top speed with her spinnaker to port and mainsail to starboard (*right*). Two fine pictures by F. W. Beken in *The Beauty of Sail*, which has recently been issued by Peter Davies and contains descriptive notes by Uffa Fox, who is one of our outstanding yachting men and is deeply versed in both theory and practice. Famous yachts of many kinds that have graced British waters within the past half century appear in these pages, and the pictures will assuredly delight layman and professional alike

STORIES OF THE CLANS No. 6

The 'Siol Ailpein' of which the badge is the pine, includes the MacGregors, the Grants, the MacKinnons and others, all of whom claim descent from Kenneth MacAlpine, the ancestor of the Scottish Kings. The ancient boast of their antiquity is preserved in the Gaelic saying—"hills and streams and MacAlpines" the inference being that the origins of all three are to be sought in the dawn of history. The seat of the Chief of the clan is said to have been the castle of Dunstaffnage, in Argyllshire, wherein until its removal to Scone in the reign of Kenneth II the Stone of Destiny, the Coronation Stone now in Westminster, was kept. The MacAlpines were therefore guardians of one of Scotland's earliest sanctuaries.

A real Scot enjoying a real Scotch

GILBEY'S
SPEY ROYAL
Scotch Whisky
10 YEARS OLD

IT'S GOOD — IT'S GILBEY'S

THE WORLD OF BOOKS (*Continued from page* 266)

despises them for the (for him) wrong reasons. In the development of this theme the author has dared much, for there can be no doubt but that Ida is the villain of the piece. Coldly and conclusively he creates the concept of evil in the utterly horrible and repulsive character of Pinkie, seeking completion and fulfilment in the essential goodness of Rose and making wholly credible their clear-cut case against the ethics of the easy-going world as represented by Ida.

If the drama is to succeed, the author must give more than psychological reality to his characters. The boy and the girl have something in common which it may defy scientific analysis to prove, but which is fundamental to them and to their souls.

Throw all these considerations away and forget them if you like (or if you can) and you still have, in *Brighton Rock*, a first-class thriller, full of suspense, excitement and swift action from the first sentence to the dramatic climax. Examine the writing alone and you will find craft and craftsmanship of a quality far above the average. Add to this the subtle interweaving of the intensity of moral purpose, and the story takes on a significance dangerously conceived and triumphantly achieved. One may not be religiously or philosophically attuned to Mr. Graham Greene's world; one may even be a little squeamish about his obsession with ugliness and horror, but the critical intelligence must insist that this novel is a work of art of the highest degree.

With *Brighton Rock* Mr. Graham Greene has come surely to his full development as a novelist.

NORTH-EAST AFRICA'S BRIGHT FUTURE

(*Continued from page* 249)

the White Nile at Malakal (a little over two days from London by air), and provides river communication with Kosti where there is railway connection with Port Sudan. One great disadvantage of this route is the long storage of produce awaiting shipment, which means that merchants have to be out of pocket for months at a season when money is most wanted for local cultivation of cotton. As there is no road for half of the way to Malakal, the only communication in the dry season is by the native canoes which carry the mails. Although the navigation period could possibly be increased by blowing up rocks and reinforcing the river banks, it will not be long before Gambeila has to give place to Kurmuk farther north.

Kurmuk is connected by a rough road with Roseires on the Blue Nile, where there is river and road connection with Suki on the Port Sudan railway. When the river is unnavigable, the road is open for traffic; and when the road is impassable owing to the rains from June to December, the Blue Nile is navigable. Between the two means of transit there is traffic all the year. This route has the advantage of being more central—nearer to Addis Ababa as well as to Khartoum and Port Sudan—and is independent of seasonal transit. At present, communications on both sides of the frontier are confined to rough tracks, but motor lorries are already using this route for journeys from Khartoum to Addis Ababa. When all-weather roads have been built, Kurmuk–Roseires will probably be the principal highway between Italian East Africa and the Sudan.

THE LATE FRANCES, COUNTESS OF WARWICK: A portrait of her in middle life, with her son and daughter. She was a remarkable figure in Victorian and Edwardian society, and created a stir by her sudden espousal of the Socialist cause as a direct result of Robert Blatchford's indictment of her in *The Clarion*. The Countess put many of her philanthropic ideas into practice, founding schools for training girls in horticulture, science, and technology, and setting up a home for crippled children. She was a life-long friend of Edward VII

As an example of how co-operation can benefit both nations, an Anglo-Italian company is negotiating for a concession to exploit valuable timber resources in Ethiopia. It is proposed to float the wood down the Blue Nile to Roseires, where it will be cut and worked for export through Port Sudan.

Now that Gondar has first-class road communication with Massawa on the Red Sea, the route from Gallabat to Gedaref on the Sudan Railway will probably be confined to local trade south of Lake Tana. The position of Kassala is most unfortunate. Here the Sudan Railway is within 18 miles of the frontier and only 75 miles from the Italian railhead at Biscia. But so far Eritrea is a poor country, depending chiefly on the port of Massawa, and the advantages of Kassala are of little use.

The most serious difficulty in the way of Italian trade and transit with the Sudan is the Italian shortage of sterling currency. Some of the proposed methods of overcoming this obstacle are as novel as they are ingenious. There are, of course, the well-known methods such as sale of commodities, investment of foreign capital, concessions to foreign development companies, exchange of services, and various forms of credit. The more novel way probably originated from negotiations with the previous Ethiopian Government, when a sum of £E.50,000 per annum was mentioned as a possible payment for water conserved and released from a Lake Tana dam. Now that it is more than likely that the Italians will build this dam themselves and pay for it with lire, there is here a means of turning these lire into sterling or Egyptian currency. But this idea seems commonplace when compared with a scheme for collecting a vast supply of water from the rains of Ethiopia.

It has been suggested that by means of small dams and artificial lakes a great supply of water, otherwise lost, could be conserved for internal irrigation and for sale to Egypt and the Sudan at the season when the tributaries of the Nile are low. Here again the Italians would pay for the necessary works with lire and receive payment in sterling for the water sold. Fantastic as this suggestion may seem, nothing can change the fact that Ethiopia with her torrential rains is next door to countries that rely for their very life on water from beyond their frontiers. The Italians are experts at projects of this kind.

With North-East Africa on the eve of most important developments, Britain and Egypt are both affected by the increasing position of the Sudan as a transit country. There will be ample scope there for British and Egyptian endeavour. Both countries have now the chance of co-operating with Italy in her development schemes It is in their best interests to do so, thereby deriving profit and at the same time strengthening their position in a corner of Africa commanding the southern outlet of the Red Sea and the headwaters of the Blue Nile.

Some phrases seldom ring true

"Nice day for a sail, Sir"

but

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

The Hall-marks on this Silver Coffee-pot, in the Victoria and Albert Museum, show that it was made in London by Hester Bateman in the year 1783-4.

HALL-

MARKS

OF QUALITY

The Red Triangle on the label of your bottle of Bass is your assurance that the beer it contains is the genuine Vintage Ale of England, made—now as since 1777—of the finest barley-malt and the finest hops and England's best brewing water from the Bass wells at Burton.

Issued by Bass, Ratcliff & Gretton, Ltd., Burton-on-Trent, England

SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL'S INVITATION TO BRITAIN'S YOUTH

Schoolboys to Visit Brooklands for the August 27 Meeting : A Chance to See a Long-Distance Motor-racing Classic

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.
(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

AN invitation of considerable interest to schoolboys is that extended to them by Sir Malcolm Campbell in connection with the 200 miles race at Brooklands on August 27. Sir Malcolm has a keen appreciation of the interest displayed by the younger generation in the supremacy of British cars and drivers, and as this famous motor race falls within the holiday period, he has made arrangements for schoolboys to visit Brooklands free at his personal invitation. The J.C.C. are taking advantage of the opportunity to organise an exhibition of famous racing cars, old and new, and to arrange for several other highly interesting features which will turn Brooklands into a veritable schoolboys' delight for that particular day.

The "200" is the oldest English long-distance motor-racing classic, and the leading British racing cars and drivers are taking part in the forthcoming event. Included in the brilliant entry is the Grand Prix formula E.R.A. This car is the first serious British challenge to the all-conquering German Grand Prix cars, and in the "200" it will be making its first appearance in this country. Boys who would like to receive one of Sir Malcolm Campbell's invitation tickets should address their applications to Sir Malcolm Campbell, Brooklands Motor Course, Weybridge, Surrey, and mark the envelope "200".

A Straight-Eight Daimler is not a novelty to me, but I rather suspect that there are quite a number of people in this country interested in motoring who will be surprised to learn that the great firm of Daimler produce a Straight-Eight engine and, what is more, make a sports job of it. Until a few years ago a sports car was generally looked upon by those who had real knowledge, as a vehicle which had more noise than speed. For some psychological reason, a noisy exhaust makes the driver and his passengers imagine they are covering the ground at some fantastic rate. While that type of sports car was in the fashion, manufacturers had an easy task, for all that they had to do was to take out the baffle plates in the silencer or alter the exhaust system in some way so that it made more noise, and low and behold a sports car had appeared!

To-day, however, things are very different. The young blood and those of mature age who really do enjoy the sensation of speed are not nearly so keen on noise. In fact, it is doubtful if any sports car to-day would sell unless it was at least as quiet as the ordinary touring model of the same make. When, therefore, I refer to the Daimler Straight-Eight engine as being in the sports category I am in effect saying that it is just as quiet as the other less powerful Daimler engines. The actual model that I drove for a few days was that known as the Light Straight-Eight Saloon. The actual bodywork might be better described as a close-coupled saloon, or as a sports saloon. I suppose it is because Daimler have been making cars for so many years and the enviable reputation which they have built up during that period is primarily based on smooth, silent auto carriages, that it strikes one as being a bit strange to sit behind the steering wheel with the distinctive lines of the Daimler radiator top in front and finding that the car is sailing along at 85 m.p.h. and over.

Daimler built silent cars when most others were noisy bits of machinery. The latter probably were speedier, but silence was far more difficult to attain than mere m.p.h. During recent years Daimler have put real pep into their engines, particularly into the one in question, and yet have not in any way sacrificed smoothness and silence.

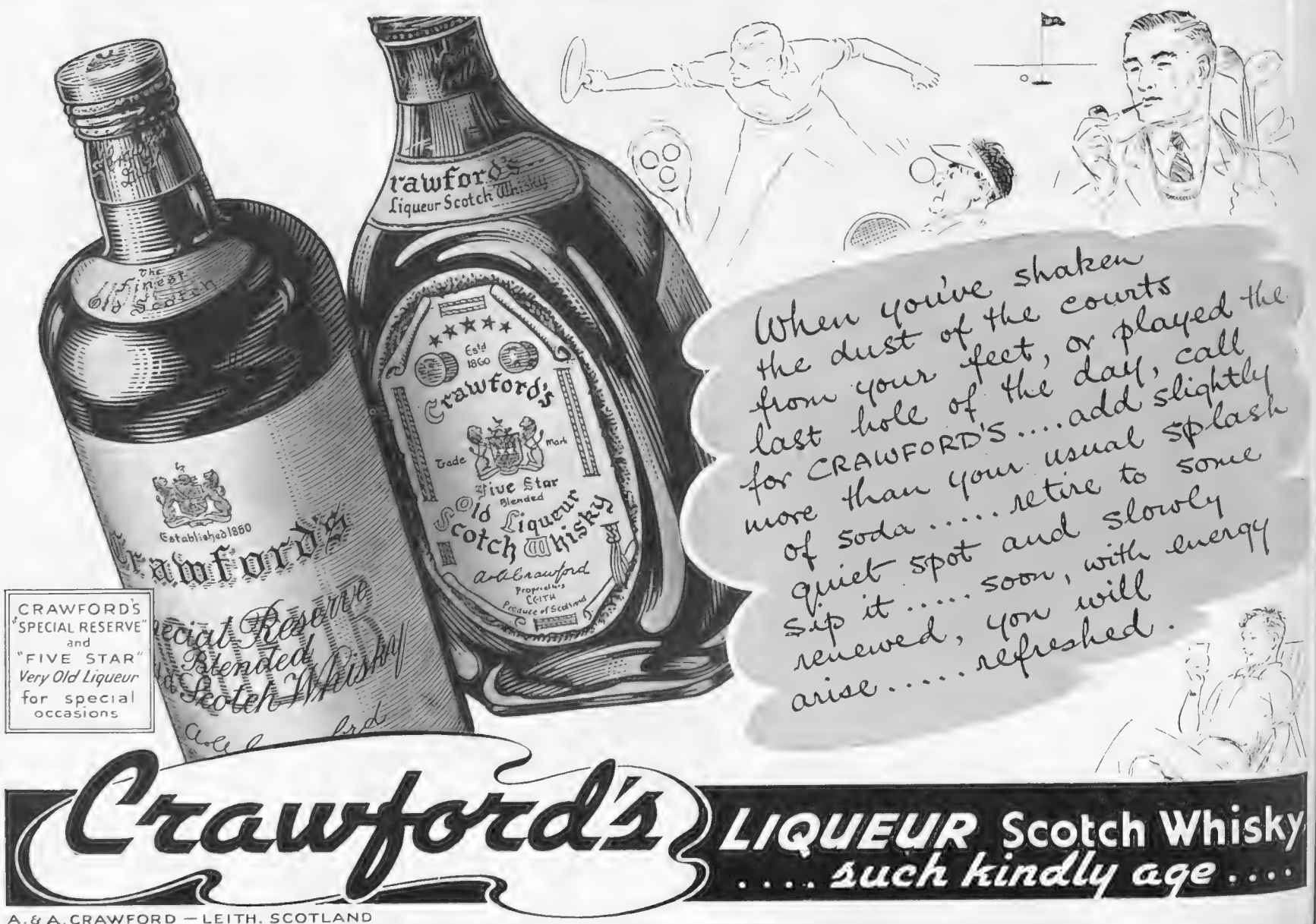
This Light Straight-Eight Saloon is a pleasing-looking car to the eye and equally pleasing to the driver the moment he sits behind the wheel. I found the driving position extremely comfortable, all the controls within easy reach and the instruments clearly in sight. The engine started well but took a little time to warm up, a delay which some people might object to, but I, for one, consider is a good fault, because it prevents the engine being asked to give its maximum output before it is properly warmed up. This car is equipped with the famous Daimler fluid flywheel and self-changing gear-box. Needless to say, the combination of a snappy engine having 8 cylinders in line, a clutch which is automatic, and a gear-box which gives pre-selective changes should provide something really good in performance. Actually, it fulfils the expectations which any thinking driver could possible conjure up for himself.

The getaway in traffic from a standstill or from low speeds is quite out of the ordinary, and I got such a kick out of watching the look of surprise on other drivers' faces that a Daimler should fly in front of well-known sports cars that I must confess I made the engine work quite hard while I had the car in my hands.

The all-out speed is equally satisfactory and, what is more, the car behaves nicely even when going along at over 80 m.p.h. I was also pleased with the capabilities of the brakes. I would scarcely describe the car as a featherweight, and so the brakes when travelling at high speeds have a real job of work to do when asked to bring the car to a standstill in a short distance.

To look at the outside of the brake drums it is surprising how this effect is obtained. Other manufacturers when they want super-excellent brakes immediately design drums of a diameter almost the same as that of the tyres, but Daimler have always had, so far as I can remember, comparatively small diameter drums and yet have always had excellent brakes. Certainly this car is just one more example given to us by Daimler which shows that good brakes are obtainable without having brake drums of colossal diameter.

HIGH POINTS FOR PERFORMANCE have been gained by this Triumph Dolomite Roadster Coupé during the several motor rallies in which it has taken part



JUST ANNOUNCED:

STILL BETTER AUSTIN CARS
AT REDUCED PRICES

1,400 DEALERS ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT IMPROVED FEATURES

News of great interest to motorists is just announced by Austin. First, substantial reductions. The famous 'Baby' Seven Saloon is now £122, and the Big '7' £137. The Austin '10' is down to £175, the '12' £215, the '14' £235.

Austin precision methods and large-scale production are responsible. By the elimination of error at every stage Austin can produce better cars in shorter time. Quality is maintained, dependability is increased.

Also announced were special features on all the popular models. Great interest was aroused by the improved engines with aluminium heads, giving increased power and livelier acceleration, the new Luvax piston-type shock absorbers for even greater comfort, and the clutch and back-axle refinements.

Much admired were the new bodies of the '12' and '14.' Luggage accommodation is increased, and bigger doors blend gracefully with the lengthened bonnet.

These reductions and improvements give even more point than ever to the saying "You buy a car, but you invest in an Austin."

LORD AUSTIN SAYS:

"After a year of rising prices it gives me great pleasure to announce reductions in Austin cars. These have been made without sacrifice in quality. Where it has been possible to make improvements, improvements have been made. Each of these contributes to one of the four important factors in motoring — performance, safety, comfort and appearance."

PRESS AND DEALERS COMMENT ON AUSTIN ADVANTAGES

"What the average motorist wants more than anything else is confidence in his car—he knows he gets that in an Austin." "The Baby '7' at its new price is the best buy to-day." "I've heard a lot about the improved engine in the '10,' giving better performance *and* more m.p.g. . . . sounds first-class."

BABY '7' RUBY Fixed-Head Saloon *Sliding-Head now £125*	NOW £122	**'12' ASCOT** Fixed-Head Saloon . . *Sliding-Head now £225*	NOW £215
BIG '7' FORLITE Fixed-Head Saloon *Sliding-Head now £139*	NOW £137	**'14' GOODWOOD** Fixed-Head Saloon *Sliding-Head now £245*	NOW £235
'10' CAMBRIDGE Fixed-Head Saloon *Sliding-Head now £185*	NOW £175	**'18' NORFOLK** Fixed-Head Saloon . . . *Sliding-Head £355*	£350

'28' RANELAGH Limousine ENTIRELY NEW MODEL . . £700

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2 ozs. 2/6
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glistening on the end of a line takes him far away from the insistent demands of Company Meetings and Market fluctuations. In the City he is known for his shrewd brain and astute judgment. And he shows the same wise discrimination in his choice of tobacco. You will find he invariably smokes "No Name," that exclusive and dependable blend.

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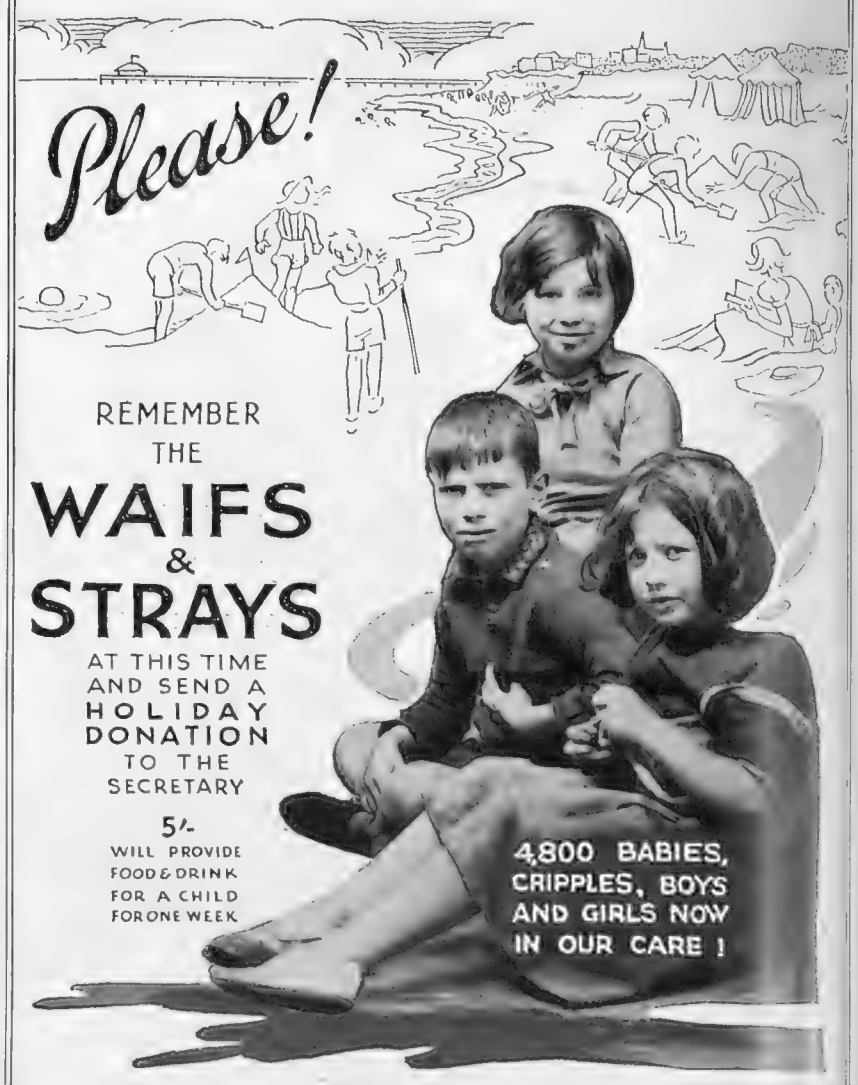

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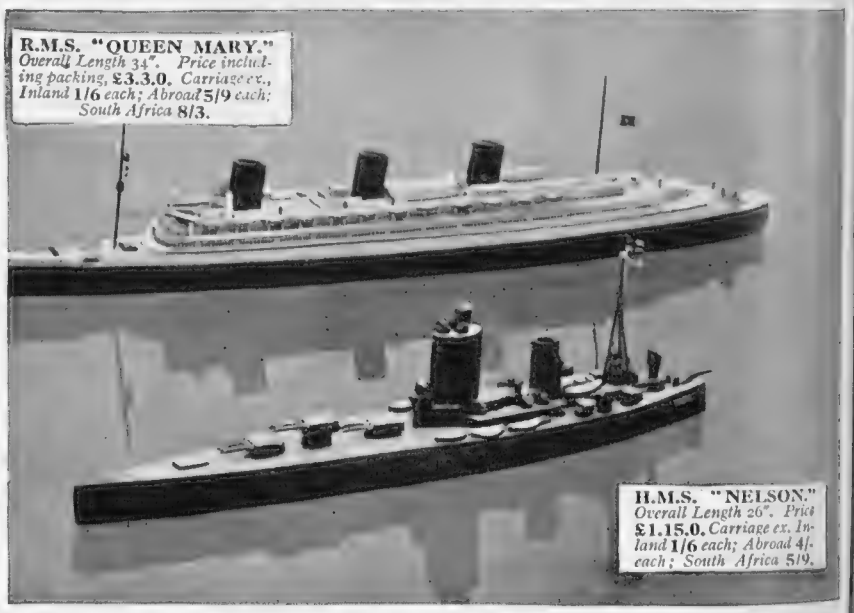

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Interest in our Fleet and our mighty ocean Liners was never greater than it is to-day. From the designs of G. H. Davis (Special artist of "The Illustrated London News") have been produced accurate scale working models of some of the greatest and most famous ships in the British Navy, and many world renowned liners. The models are electrically propelled and are reasonably priced—the cost varying according to the size. They can be examined at the address stated below. The following models are available: R.M.S. *Queen Mary* (£3.3.0); Union Castle Liners *Stirling Castle, Athlone Castle* (£2.2.0); Orient Liners *Orcades, Orion* (£2.2.0); H.M.S. *Nelson* (£1.15.0); H.M.S. *Southampton*, all the named ships in the Southampton Class, and the Cargo Steamship *Epsom Downs* (£1.10.0). Included with each ship is a set of International Code Signal Flags by which intercommunication with other ships is possible

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SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

ITALY CELEBRATES THE VINTAGE

September and October, An Ideal Time to Pay a Visit and See Her Peasant Pageantry

ONE of the best periods of the year for travel in Italy is coming along. Good weather is as certain as it ever can be and there is little risk of periods of fierce heat. In addition to the fascination of history in stone in the old cities and the unchanging beauty of the scenery there are events in the life of the nation providing a multitude of vivid memories for the tourist. The greatest of these is the grape festival, Sagra dell 'Uva, celebrated throughout the country in the early autumn. One of the first communes to adopt it was L'Impruneta, a very popular resort with Florentines, who can get there by a short motor bus run. The district is famous for its chianti, and during the festival an outsize in barrels filled with the wine is placed in the middle of the square for all to sample. There are competitions for the best wines, and processions of gaily-decorated carts carrying parties of joyous country-folk.

Each district has its own way of celebrating the vintage; everywhere there are processions and the country wagon drawn by white oxen is a frequent participant. Huge decorated baskets and wine casks filled with grapes figure in the processions, and the fruit is liberally distributed among the merrymakers. Music and song go on through the night. Since the instruments range from the soothing guitar to castanets and even bagpipes, the prospect viewed from afar may be disquieting to those travellers who think rather a lot of long and peaceful nights, but actually in that infectious atmosphere of merrymaking there is little inclination to go to bed.

Special trains are run to the more famous grape districts of Terracina, Cannelli, Soave and the Roman Castelli. These Castelli are easily accessible, as the means of communication between the metropolis and its belt of hill towns are extensive, rapid and inexpensive. October is the month when all Rome seems to see the peace of this countryside, and here is your chance to join them at their alfresco meals in the "osterie" of the Castelli, where the food is simple and sound and the wine generous.

At Merano people assemble from all parts for the grape cure in which the local doctors specialise. The treatment consists of eating from 1 lb. to 6 lb. daily between meals, or drinking the juice of the fruit which is freshly crushed in small presses. It all sounds much more palatable than sulphur water to me. Enormous bunches of black grapes are sold at astoundingly low prices.

COLOSSI: There is something not altogether unbefitting about the sight of elephants—circus performers though they be—in the shadow of the Arch of Constantine, for in the days when Roman conquerors staged their "triumphs" the elephant was more familiar than now to the citizens of Rome. It was a cause of dread, too, as legionaries well knew who fought in the wars against Hannibal

The Italian Ascot is held at Merano during the grape festival and the chief event, the Lottery of the Millions, is one of the principal horse races in Italy in the whole year. It draws society and fashion from Milan, Venice, and the other big cities of the north. Merano is not far from one of the main entrances to the vast Dolomite region, the Stelvio Pass. This is on the national route from Milan and Tirano and the pass is the highest mountain road in Europe—9,200 ft. It winds through wild rocky gorges, grassy uplands, lovely larch and pine woods, and over the pass. The road is a piece of engineering genius, for in about 9 miles it takes more than forty hairpin bends. This is the setting of the famous Stelvio motor race on August 28. From the pass there are enchanting views of the Ortles glaciers and the Swiss mountain range.

The scene of another important race, the Grand Prix of Italy, is Monza, an important commercial centre not far from Milan. Also at Monza the Italian open amateur golf championship will be played on September 22. The most important event in the Italian golfing calendar, the open championship, will be played at the Villa d'Este Country Club on September 28 and 29. This course, some 9 miles from the Villa d'Este Hotel, is delightfully situated amid moorland pines on the slopes which rise gently from the shores of the Lake Montorfano. The amateur and professional four-ball foursomes will also take place on this course on September 27.

Now let us see what is going on in another part of northern Italy—Venice. In that unique setting there are many picturesque events at night on the Grand Canal, and throughout August there are nocturnal festivals in the entertainment hall of the new Municipal Casino at the Lido. Next month an outstanding event is the Royal Historic Regatta. The 21st Biennial International Art Exhibition is open throughout the month, the Sixth International Festival of contemporary music will be held at the Senice Theatre together with open-air performances, and an International Tennis Tournament at the Lido Tennis Club also comes in September, so there will be plenty to do.

If you want a change from Venice I would recommend you to try Abbazia. This is a very pleasing resort close to Fiume and it is particularly interesting on account of its cosmopolitan character, due, of course, to the fact that it is the nearest seaside resort to Central Europe. Between Abbazia and its suburb, Laurana, there is a succession of sandy bays, and the coast resembles in miniature that of North Devon. An international opera festival is being held at the open-air theatre.

Farther down the Adriatic at the seaport of Bari, the Levant Fair is being held from September 4 to 21. This is an interesting event for the traveller off the beaten track, because it is regarded as the link between east and west.

Then come across to the other side of the peninsula and visit Capri, not alone for the beauty of its setting, but also to see the extremely interesting work Professor Maiuri has carried out at the palace the Emperor Tiberius built for himself on the island where he spent the last few years of his eventful life. The professor, who knows more about the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum than anybody, has restored fallen masonry to its original position, rebuilt staircases, and laid bare beautiful mosaics. The official inauguration of the reconstructed palace takes place on August 27.

GUARDIAN OF MILAN'S DUOMO: With his white tie, stiff collar, spotless gloves, overcoat, and peaked cap, this cathedral official cuts a striking figure as he stands outside the main entrance. His function is to advise tourists, and also to see they are properly clad before entering the shrine

At Naples, close by, other festivals, this time of religious significance, are worthy of their place in the panorama of travel. On the seventh of next month the Piedigrotto Festival is held. The honour paid by the Church to the Virgin in her sanctuary near the famous grotto has its counterpart in the town. The Neapolitans give themselves up to care-free enjoyment, of which essential features are music and song, particularly the latter, followed by much consumption of the exhilarating white wines of Vesuvius.

Beverley Brooke

Drawn by Percy Home

AN AIR OF DIGNIFIED SPACIOUSNESS pervades the great vestibule of the Palazzo Vecchio, the medieval town hall of Florence

FESTIVAL OF THE VINE: A fine display of grapes seen at harvest time in Tivoli, where the "vendange" is always celebrated with a great show of enthusiasm

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SWIMMING TENNIS

Opened in July . . .

. . . the very latest word !

We told the Architects "only the best." We gave them carte blanche. Every resource went to the making of a Superlative Hotel. We know that it is the very latest word . . . and so will you when you have stayed with us.
Would you like to look out from your bedroom over the Irish Sea and the mouth of the Ribble, while light and shadow mingle on the waves ? Would you like to test superlative foods and superlative service ? We know what you will say to your friends . . . you will say STAY AT THE

CLIFTON ARMS HOTEL

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14 miles from Preston.
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Full particulars from the Manager, J. J. Heretier.

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Its position on the more fashionable West Cliff is the finest in the town.

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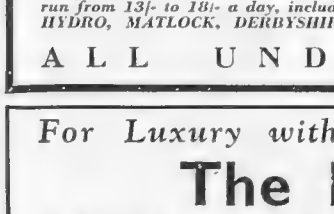

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Mr. E. P. Richman, our new Manager, late of the Empire Hotel, Bath, will gladly send you details or show you over the hydro, its model kitchens and baths. Telephone 4005. A.A. R.A.C.

French windows thrown open . . .

sun pouring in, blue skies and sea. Colourful days of perfection await you in Aug. and Sept. especially, at

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A small luxury hotel at the edge of the sea, famous for its cuisine, and under the same personal direction as the Dorset Square Hotel, Baker Street, London, W. 1. Tel. Pad. 4452, whose fame for fresh Cornish produce and peacefulness away from the world of traffic has spread over two hemispheres. Write for booklet.

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We live in a land of beauty, famous dales, 'fish-full' rivers, and towering peaks, surrounded by thousands of acres protected by the National Trust. Here is the "See" Holiday Centre perfect. Free golf, tennis, dancing, croquet, bowls. Here are all the incidental pleasures of living, where the daily average of visitors all the year is well over 200. Holiday this year at

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Every modern treatment. Bath Staff of 60. Two Resident Physicians. The terms, which run from 13/- to 18/- a day, include Turkish, Russian and Hydropathic Baths. SMEDLEY'S HYDRO, MATLOCK, DERBYSHIRE. Telephone : Matlock 17.

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For full details of moderate tariff, write N. Gascoigne, Managing Director. Telephones : 4131.

In Quest of

"P.R.H.A."—Four Initials that Standard of Comfort : Some

AT various times in my travels during the past year or so, I have come up against the four initials "P.R.H.A.," and the standard of comfort and what I might call "hotel civilisation" which these little letters stand for is nowadays such that I think they deserve a descriptive article.

Most people who travel the roads know what the initials signify — the People's Refreshment House Association. This body was constituted a good many years ago with the object of providing clean and comfortable accommodation of a certain type for travellers who could not afford the comparatively high prices of many road-side hotels, and who wanted more refined surroundings than were at that time obtainable at the village pub.

The P.R.H.A. itself states that its objects are as follows :—To promote reform in the management of licensed houses, and to manage them with these watchwords—good order, cleanliness, reasonable refreshment of all kinds, and comfort for all.

And now that the Association is a thoroughly well-established and going concern, it is of interest to notice some of the methods adopted to carry these principles into effect. The first two are of particular importance. All temptation to press the sale of intoxicants is removed from the managers by giving them a fixed salary instead of any share in the profits of the alcoholic branch of the trade, and from the shareholders by limiting the return on their shares to a certain maximum figure. Furthermore, the managers are given, in addition to their salary, a share in the profits on food and non-intoxicants, so that it is in their interests to sell these rather than intoxicants.

This arrangement is the clue to the management of these places. Alcoholic drinks are obtainable in all of them, or practically all of them, but you will not be treated as an outcast if you prefer a soft drink or food only without drink. Further, the council of management makes a particular point of taking the greatest care that the liquor provided is of the highest quality.

It is surely an encouraging sign on many grounds that an organisation based on these strict principles should have proved itself such a success, for from the time when the first inn was bought in 1897 until the present day the number of houses has grown and grown until there are now, scattered about all parts of England and Wales, close on 200.

Moreover, they are not to be regarded by any means as mere hostels or boarding houses. The standard, of course, varies from the simplest of inns to really well-equipped hotels. But you would be surprised, on looking through the descriptive list of P.R.H.A. houses which the Association issues, to see how many of them have the amenities which one associates with the really good hotel.

There's no other place quite like it.

There's nowhere else where newcomers are so immediately at home. Oatlands has its own 60 acre park with 18-hole golf course, swimming pool, tennis, badminton and squash courts and dancing every Saturday. All inclusive—at from 5 gns. weekly. Write the Manager : OATLANDS PARK HOTEL, WEYBRIDGE, SURREY. Telephone : Weybridge 1190.

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Tennis, Squash Rackets, Billiards, Swimming, Dances, car service to station—all free.

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Good Hotels

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Golf, riding and stabling, swimming, hunting—all these are commonplace facilities to find awaiting you either free or at extremely low cost in these hotels.

One of the most popular of them at the moment is the "Billy" Golf Hotel at Camber, near Rye, where, in addition to all the amenities of hotel life, special terms are available to visitors at the Rye Golf Club on introduction from the secretary of their own club. The "Billy" Golf Hotel is one of the few unlicensed houses which the Association owns, but you have not far to go for your drink, as the Royal William Hotel, standing close by and under the same management, is fully licensed.

It is out of the question to give anything like a list of these P.R.H.A. hotels, and I strongly urge readers to write to the Association at St. George's House, 193 Regent Street, W.1, for a copy of their detailed booklet, price 3d.

But a few places I have especially picked out for mention—the King's Head, for instance, at Aylesbury, an A.A. and R.A.C. hotel which, in addition to standing in the heart of a magnificent hunting country, is one of the most historically interesting inns in the South of England. Two excellent ones in the New Forest district are the Beaulieu Road Hotel at Beaulieu and the King's Arms Hotel at Christ Church, near Bournemouth, the latter being a thoroughly up-to-date, well-equipped and comfortable hotel which, as well as offering all manner of sporting facilities, fully earns the three stars which the A.A. gives it. Two other well-known houses, in very different parts of the country, where I have stopped for welcome refreshment are Norman Cross Hotel on the Great North Road at the junction of the Peterborough Road, and the Royal Oak at Winsford on Exmoor.

Lastly, since this list must have an end, I should like to mention one of the smallest and, I suppose, one of the humblest inns which the Association controls, the Plough at Kingston Lisle in Berkshire. This is simply the village inn in one of the most beautiful villages in the whole of England.

It is fitting, perhaps, to end with this humble example, for having little to boast of in the way of modern amenities, it makes up for it by giving the country traveller a right royal welcome, and ensuring that his homely comfort shall enable him to appreciate the beauty of the country around. In such ways is the P.R.H.A. carrying on its noble work, and its continued success is more than a pious hope—it is an absolute certainty.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

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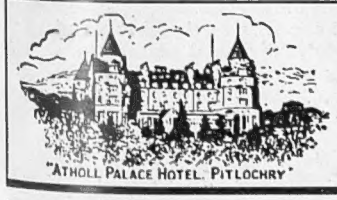

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THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Abingdon.—Crown and Thistle (Oxford, 6 miles)
Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Barton Mills (Nr. Bury St. Edmunds).—Bull Inn.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Bognor Regis.—"Dalbeattie," Private Hotel.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 234.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal Hotel.
Bray-on-Thames.—Hinds Head Hotel.
Brighton.—Sixty Six Hotel. Tel. Hove 1637.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brockenhurst.—Balmer Lawn Htl., New Forest.
Brockenhurst.—Carey's Manor Hotel. A.A.***
Bude.—Grenville Hotel. Tel. 15.
Bude.—The Hartland Hotel. Tel. 263.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Cambridge.—University Arms. Tel. 2557
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Cheltenham.—Queen's Hotel.
Coverack (Cornwall).—Headland Hotel.
Cromer.—The Cliftonville Hotel.
Cromer.—The Grand Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dorchester.—Antelope Hotel. Tel. 1.
Downderry (Cornwall).—Wide Sea Guest Hse.
Droitwich Spa.—Raven Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.)—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
Eastbourne.—Cumberland Hotel. Tel. 4200.
East Wittering.—Shore Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Exmouth.—Knappe Cross Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Felixstowe (Suffolk).—Grand Hotel.
Findon, nr. Worthing.—Findon Manor Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Forest Row (Sussex).—Roebuck Hotel. Tel. 124.
Hailsham.—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Harrogate.—Prospect Hotel.**** Tel. 3015.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Holford (Somerset).—Alfoxton Park Htl. Tel. 11.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Hythe (Kent).—Seaview Hotel. Seabrook.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lewes (Sussex).—White Hart Hotel. Tel. 94.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Hotel.
Looe.—Boscarn Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lynton.—Lee Abbey Hotel.
Lynton.—Valley of Rocks Hotel.
Lytham St. Annes.—Clifton Arms Hotel.
Malvern.—County Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Mere (Wilts.).—Old Ship. Tel. 58.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Newquay.—Hotel Bristol, on sea front. Tel. 257.
Northumberland.—Otterburn Hall Hotel. Tel. 26
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Polzeath (Cornwall).—Dorrit Hotel.
Pulborough.—Lodge Hill Htl. Tel. Bury (Sx) 111
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Royal Leamington Spa.—Manor House Hotel.
Royal Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Ruan-High-Lanes (S. C'nwall).—Pendower Htl.
St. Annes-on-the-Sea.—Grand Hotel. Tel. 55.
St. Ives (Cornwall).—Pedn Olva Hotel.
St. Ives (Hunts).—The Pike and Eel Inn.
St. Mawes.—Pen-e-Glos. Telephone 209.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Searborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sheringham.—Sheringham Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Southampton.—The Polygon Hotel.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
Southport.—Royal Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel. 'Phone 31.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel.
Streatley-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Strete (Nr. Dartmouth).—Manor House Hotel.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Thorpeness.—Dolphin Hotel. Tel.: Aldeburgh 302
Torquay.—Headland Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Torquay.—Vernon Court Hotel. Tel. 2676.
Treyarnon Bay (Cornwall).—Waterbeach Hotel.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
Westward Ho!—Golden Bay Hotel. Tel. 114.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weymouth.—Gloucester Hotel.
Worthing.—Ferring Grange Hotel.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.
Yarmouth Gt.—The Royal Htl. Mrne Pde. T. 2526

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Eaton Socon (56½).—Ye Olde White Horse.
Stretton (Oakham) (97).—Ram Jam Inn.
Sutton-on-Trent (133½).—Old England Hotel.
Boroughbridge, Yorks (205).—Hotel Cottages.
Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Buttermere.—The Buttermere Hotel. Tel. 4.
Buttermere.—Victoria Hotel. Telephone 2.
Keswick.—Armathwaite Hall Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Windermere.—Langdale Chase Hotel.

ISLE OF WIGHT

Shanklin.—Shanklin Towers.
Seaview.—Fier Hotel. Phone, Seaview 6.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Arundel Hotel, Arundel St., W.C.2. Tem. Bar 4216
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Batt's Hotel, Dover Street.
Hotel Washington, Curzon Street.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl, W.8. Wes. 8121
Leinster Court, Leinster Gardens, W.2.
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.
The Goring Hotel, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.
Whiteness Hotel, Queen's Gardens, W.2.

SCOTLAND

Aberfoyle.—Bailie Nicol Jarvie Hotel.
Aviemore.—Aviemore Hotel for the Cairngorms.
Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Dunblane.—Dunblane Hotel Hydro.
Dunkeld.—Amulree Hotel.
Dunkeld.—The Birnam Hotel. Tel. 24.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—Braid Hills Hotel. Tel. 54748/9.
Edinburgh.—New Carlton Hotel.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Glendevon.—Castle Hotel.
Isle of Skye.—Duisdale Hotel. Tel. Isleornsay 2.
Loch Ard (Aberfoyle).—Forest Hills Hotel.
Peebles.—Peebles Hydro.
Perth.—Royal George Hotel.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.
Tweedsmuir (Peeblesshire).—The Crook Inn.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Guernsey.—Gardner's Old Government Hse. Htl.
Jersey.—Bree's Royal Hotel. Tel. Jersey 8.
Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

WALES

Abergele.—Kinmel Hall.
Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77.
Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandrindod Wells.—Pump House Hotel.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Bundoran (Co. Donegal).—Gt. N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.
Rosapenna (Co. Donegal).—Rosapenna Hotel.

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A MAGICIAN OF THE DEEP (*Continued from page 250*)

I knew that the season's catch off Newfoundland would be poor. I also sent herring fishermen farther north, and next year, the big pulsation year, I shall without a doubt be sending both farther north again. That reminds me of a funny tale. And to think it was only a few years ago! *Bref*, no one was paying us much attention when at last the master of a cod-fisher, sick of repeated non-success, decided to place confidence in my Commandant Beaugé. It was the first practical experiment. Beaugé intimated that they should head north towards Greenland.

"Day after day the Commandant searched vainly for suitable cod-fishing waters, ever having his thermometer in action. The ship passed 60 deg. north. The crew began to grow restless. At last, around 66 deg., Beaugé told the master he might start fishing. The whole crew assembled to see the fun. And fun they did witness, for results were immediate, and within four days the ship was packed, having made a better haul than had she remained a whole month off Newfoundland.

"That established our system, though the tendency was for the industry to go warily for a long time afterwards. Perhaps matters were clinched one day a year or two ago when a master wirelessed his owner that he 'couldn't find his fish.' The owner telephoned us, and an hour later we were able to reply that his ships should proceed to such longitude and latitude. I even thought it would be a joke to send off the information myself by wireless—it is only just down the street. I did so. And, of course, it turned out correct, and the master at sea thought we were magicians. Whereas it is the simplest thing in the world. As you see."

One doubted the last three words. Yet the fact remains that hauls of seasonal fish have almost doubled in the past few years, consequent on the "transgressional" theory and its sensible realisation in practice.

CANADA'S "QUINS" IN THE NEWS AGAIN

A Bout of Tonsillitis —Making Plans for Their New Home

THE QUINS ON THEIR FOURTH BIRTHDAY: Emilie, Marie, Annette, Yvonne, and Cecile sampling the icing on their cake. A picture taken last May

CANADA'S famous quintuplets were reported this week to be in the midst of a bout of tonsillitis—one of the few complaints that have so far penetrated the elaborate defence system of their vigilant doctor. Of the five, only Emilie is said to have been causing concern.

Meanwhile, plans for the future of the children (who by the "Dionne Quintuplets Act," passed by Ontario Legislature, are legal wards of the King) are going ahead at Callander, where there has been a meeting of the Attorney-General of Ontario, the Minister of Public Works, a representative of the French-Canadian Association, and the official Board of Guardians. Dr. Dafoe, the Quins' doctor, and Mr. Dionne are both guardians.

In the light of the recent agreement between the Guardians and Mr. and Mrs. Dionne—an agreement to the effect that the separation of the "five" from the rest of the family is to be ended—arrangements are being made to build a spacious residence which will accommodate them all and will include a school, chapel, playground, and swimming pool. There the dozen or so Dionne children will be brought up together, and as the Quins' fortune is estimated as at least £100,000 it is obvious that funds will not be lacking. Mr. Dionne himself has considerable means, the result of profits earned in his souvenir shop at Callander.

CHINA'S REFUGEES CROWD HONG KONG (*Continued from page 252*)

menfolk behind and flee with very little money, which by now has dwindled almost to nothing. Accommodation is their most urgent necessity, for at present they are being forced to pay comparatively huge rents for most inadequate quarters.

It is for these people that the Council plan a better type of mat-shed dwelling, for which they will charge a small nominal rent.

And now there are rumours of Government free camps for the poorest refugees, of semi-concrete huts, to be erected on a vacant piece of land on the mainland. If this scheme materialises it will provide shelter for between 3,000 and 5,000 persons. The expense will be borne partly by local organisations and partly by the Government.

But still one of the biggest problems of the Emergency Refugee Council is to get in touch with the not-so-destitute refugees. They may not feel they need help now, but when their money begins to run out in two or three months' time all sorts of things may happen if they are not properly organised for assistance. Moreover, although one hates even to contemplate the possibility, as an efficient organisation the E.R.C. must be prepared to cope with a further horde of refugees.

Just at the moment the influx has abated. But one look at the charming leaflet dropped like manna from heaven on the inhabitants of the coastal ports in turn with Japanese bombs shows that there is little respite to be hoped for yet unless the Chinese make an unexpected stand. For who can blame the terrified civilian, exposed without protection to the pitiless range of enemy aircraft, for hastening to the shelter of a neutral port?

Jean Gordon

Sidelights on Cyder.—On days when it seems impossible to keep cool, or on others, more fortunate, when you have spent hours in the country and are longing for a drink that is cool and invigorating, there is nothing to surpass cyder. Its pleasant tang rouses the appetite and aids digestion, and it is at once health-giving and utterly enjoyable. Gaymer's began making cyder more than 300 years ago, and always they use nothing but the selected crops of the English apple orchards. They have just brought out a most interesting little book called *Sidelights on Cyder*, which they will be happy to send on request if you would care to send a postcard to Wm. Gaymer and Son, Ltd., Attleborough, Norfolk. In it are instructions for making long drinks, coolers, frozen delights, and cocktails, with a collection of delicious cooking recipes. None of them is too elaborate, and they firmly claim that, in addition to its other virtues, cyder is a distinct aid to slimming.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

A most urgent appeal is made by the Society for funds to assist them in their great work of caring for 1,200 poor boys and girls and training them to become good and useful men and women. The boys in the Homes are trained for definite trades—careers for which they show a natural aptitude—and those in the Training Ship for the Royal Navy or Merchant Navy. The girls are prepared for domestic service. Please help this great work of maintaining and training 1,200 poor children. All donations will be gratefully acknowledged from the Headquarters of the Society at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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CONTINENTAL HOTELS

AUSTRIA.

Semmering.—3,000 ft. a.s.l. 1½ hours from Vienna. **Suedbahn Hotel.**—The Golfer's Home.—Open-air swimming pool.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Telegrams: Lonhotel, Anvers.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

Franzensbad.—Hotel Imperial.—Exclusive, world known, close to the springs and baths, own park. Season, April 15 to October 15. Prospectus.

Franzensbad.—
Hotel Königsvilla.—
The Leading Hotel

FRANCE.

Cap Martin.—Cap Martin Hotel.—Free bus service with Monte Carlo and Menton. Tennis, swim. Incl. frm 110 frs., with bath frm 135 frs.

Le Touquet.—Hotel des Anglais.—In forest adjoining Casino. Every possible comfort. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

Le Touquet.—Hotel Regina.—Facing Sea. Opposite Swimming Pool. First-class residential hotel. Attractive inclusive rates.

Le Touquet (P. de C.).—Golf Hotel.—Facing links. New lounge and American bar. Special privilege of daily green fee.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden (Black Forest)
Brenners Parkhotel,
Family Hotel de Luxe.

Baden-Baden.—Holland Hotel.—150 beds. Large park, close Casino. Pension terms R.M.11 upwards. Personal management: H. A. Rössler.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renovated, facing Kurpark, a home fm. home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Bad Kissingen.—Hotel Reichshof.—Distinguished Family Hotel. Garage. Opposite Park.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Bad Kissingen.—Staatl. Kurhaushotel.—World-renowned house, mineral baths in hotel. Garages.

Bad Nauheim.—Hilbert's Park Hotel.—First-class family hotel. Unique location in quietest position of the Kurpark oppos. Baths & Springs.

Cologne, Schweizerhof, Victoriastr. 11.—100 beds, all mod. comf., garage, A.A. hotel, quiet sit., home fr. home, incl. trms, fr. RM. 7.00.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The leading Hotel. Unique pos. on river. Grdn. Pk. Terraces. Red. rates. Grge. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Dusseldorf.—Breidenbacher Hof.—Ldg. htl. Wrld-rend. Fav. home of int. soc. Fam. "Grill." Am. Bar. Orch. Gar. 150 R. fr. 6.—75 Pr. B, fr. 9.

Garmisch, Bavarian Alps, Sonnenbichl.—Golf Hotel.—Incomparably beautiful situated. First-class hotel. Every comfort at mod. terms.

Garmisch-Partenkirchen.—Park Hotel "Alpenhof."—Lead'g hotel in Bavarian Alps. Cen. sit. Every com. Prospec. thro' propr.: Hanns Kilian.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perf. htl-bldng. Select home of internat. Socty. & Arist'cy. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Mannheim.—Palace Hotel Mannheimer Hof.—The leading house at moderate prices. 240 beds, 100 bathrooms. Prop.: Fritz Gabler.

Munich. — Grand Hotel Continental. — Where everyone feels at home. Quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

Munich.—The new **Hotel Excelsior,** near the Hauptbahnhof. First-class, modern, and quietly placed. Rooms from RM. 3.50 onwards.

Munich.—Park Hotel.—Well-known family house. All rooms with hot and cold running water. Most reasonable rates.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-cl. family hotel. 300 beds. Med. Bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Mk. 9.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—World-rnd. Finest pos. opp. Park & Opera. Wiesbaden Spr'gs. Pat'd by best Brit. Soc. Pen. fr. 12 Mks.

Wiesbaden.—Palast Hotel.—First class hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every poss. comfort. Own bath. estab. Pension from RM.10.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World-renowned Hotel, own bathing establishment. Patronised by English & American Society. Pen. fr. Mks. 12.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten.—(Four seasons). Select home of Soc. Best posit. op. Kurhaus, Opera, Parks. Pension from RM.12.

ITALY.

Rome.—Hotel Victoria.—First-class. Central and quiet, opposite Borghese Gardens. English-speaking staff.

MADEIRA.

Funchal.—New English Hotel.—Ideal positn. Sun blcnies. Close to new "Lido" (free to gsts). Pens. 10/6 dly. Detls fr. Thos. Cook & Son, Ltd.

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Bürgenstock (Lake of Lucerne).—Le Grand Hôtel.—Holiday resort. Golf, tennis, bathing beach.

Glion (2,200 ft. ab. sea level).**—Grand Hotel & Righi Vaudois.**—Lead Htl. lowest rates. View of Lk. Geneva. Ten. Gar. 15 mins. fr. Montreux.

Grindelwald.—Bear Gd. Hotel.—The gay centre for holiday-makers. Tennis, swimming, excursions, amusements. Terms from Sh.14.

Gstaad.—Bernerhof.—Typical Swiss Hotel in Bernese Oberland Style. Noted for food and comfort. Golf. Tennis. Swimming.

Gunten.—Park Hotel (Lake Thun).—Full south on lake front. Large Park. Garage. 1st cl. fam. hotel. Bathing. Tenn. Golf. Pens. fm. Fr.12.50.

Interlaken.—Grand Hotel Victoria-Jungfrau.—Finest sitn. on main prom. facing Jungfrau, absolutely first-class. Pension rate from fr. 17.

Interlaken.—Hotel Schweizerhof.—Renwnd. for fine sit., ex. cooking & cmft. Rms. fm. Fr. 6. Pens. rate fm. Fr. 14.—garage, tennis, swm. pool.

Klosters.—Grand Hotel Vereina.—1st class. Home of best English Society. All Summer Sports. Lake bathing. Pen. terms fm. Frs. 15.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £4.0.0.

Lausanne.—Hotel Meurice.—On the lake. 110 beds. The best first-class hotel, entirely renovated. Inclusive terms 11/-. Garage. Garden.

Lausanne (Ouchy).—Hotel Balmoral.—Quietest sit. Very comfortable. Excellent catering. Weekly terms. incl. tips, £3 5s. No taxes.

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SWITZERLAND—*continued.*

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Spiez.—Park Hotel.—Ab. village. 5 mins. fm. stn. Delight. walks. Mar. view. Ex. cooking. Pen. room w.r.w. fm. 9 fr., w. priv. bath fm. 10 fr.

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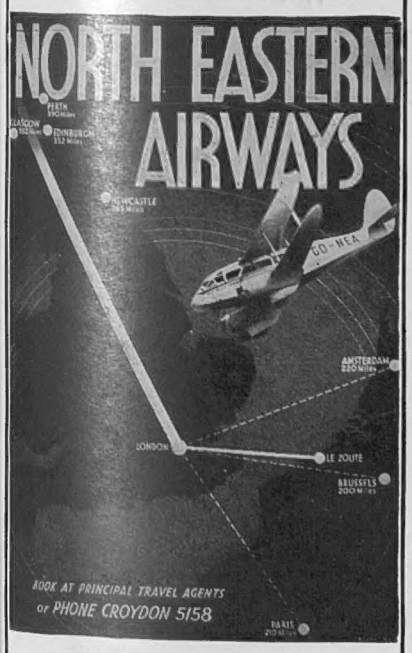

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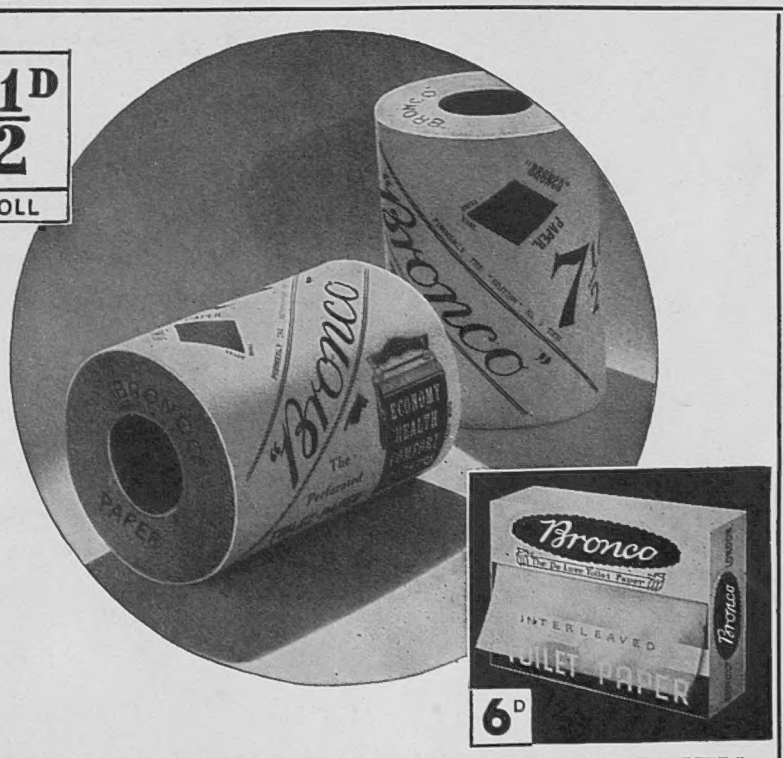

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